

MTV UNWRAPPED • COLIN POWELL UNPLUGGED

VIBE

KRS-One • Skee-Lo • P.M. Dawn
Janet Jackson & Mariah Carey



Stevie Wonder, Coolio, Babyface, Q

SOUL FOR REAL

Quincy Jones and his dream team

\$ 2.50

November 1995

your brother, your boyfriend
the cute guy
down the street.



You've Coveted their jeans.
You've borrowed their JEANS. (You've sometimes
 forgotten

to return their jeans.) But Now
you'll never have to

say "Pretty Please
may I" again, cause now
you can

 **get
YOUR
OWN.** 

guy's
fitting

Levi's

JEANS FOR
WOMEN

This One



S3L9-W13-AAZR

T

O

N



H

I

L

F

M

M

Y

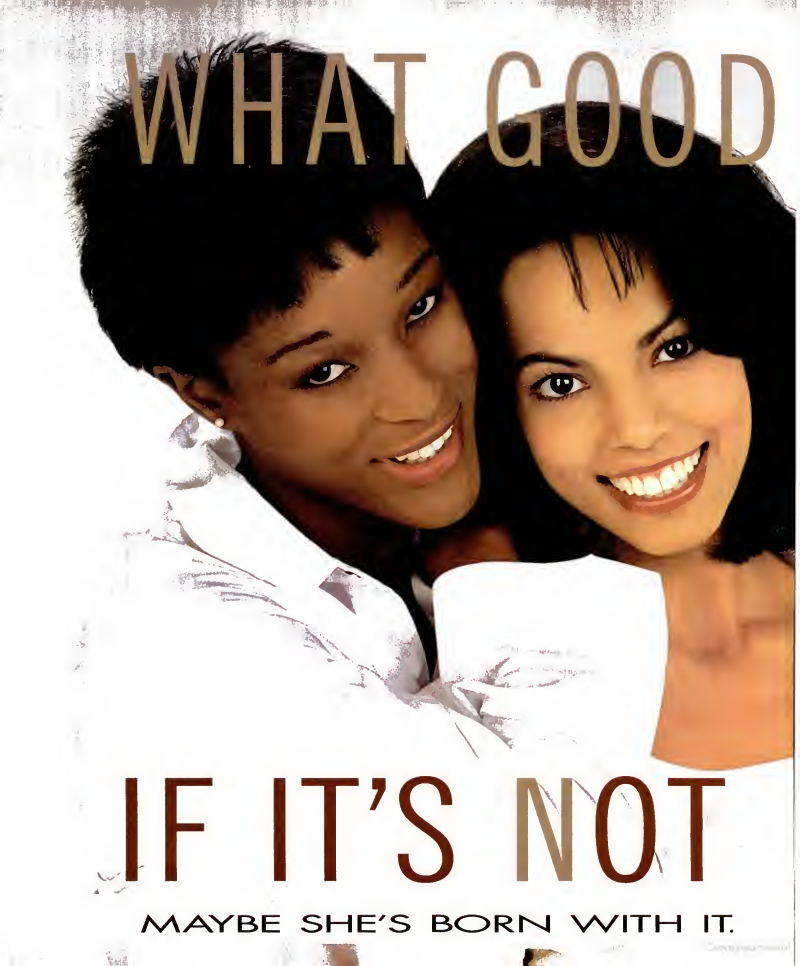


© 1999 Tommy Hilfiger Inc. All rights reserved. Tommy Hilfiger is a registered trademark of Tommy Hilfiger Inc.



I G E R

Copyright © 1999 Tommy Hilfiger Inc.



WHAT GOOD

IF IT'S NOT

MAYBE SHE'S BORN WITH IT.

IS COLOR

SHADES OF YOU®

NEW IMPROVED

**COMPACT CREME MAKE-UP.
ONLY FROM MAYBELLINE®**



Shades shown
left: Earth
right: Café au Lait

It's not just more color, It's your color.

In shades so exact, even the darkest complexions

are flawlessly matched.

Twelve ultra-natural shades that last all day and never look ashy.

Our most advanced formula ever. 100% oil-free.

Plus natural ingredients that absorb excess oil.

And vitamins to help protect. You've met your match.

YOUR COLOR

MAYBE IT'S **MAYBELLINE.**™

The sound quality of most televisions
is almost enough to keep people from
watching them altogether.





We feel your pain.

Watching ice fishermen scratch themselves. Watching buttermilk coagulate. Watching mimes debate economic theory. Anything is preferable to enduring TV with inferior sound. And so we created Kenwood Home Theater Systems with complete surround sound. Systems that give you true movie sound reproduction at home. Because while bad TVs probably won't cause irreparable inner ear damage, these days you never can be too safe. For the dealer nearest you, call 1-800-KENWOOD. Do the music justice.

KENWOOD

HOME AUDIO. CAR AUDIO. COMMUNICATIONS.

SAMSUNG



simply balanced.

surround your head



with sound. 1 800 so simple.

simply samsung.



KONAMI
XXL
SPORTS SERIES



PILOTS HAVE FLIGHT SIMULATORS LINEBACKERS HAVE THIS GAME.

FLUID 3-D MOTION
CAPTURED ACTION

SUPERIOR ARTIFICIAL
INTELLIGENCE

REAL TIME SGI
RENDERED GRAPHICS

EVERY NFL PLAYER

ALL 30 NFL TEAMS

REALISTIC PURSUITS

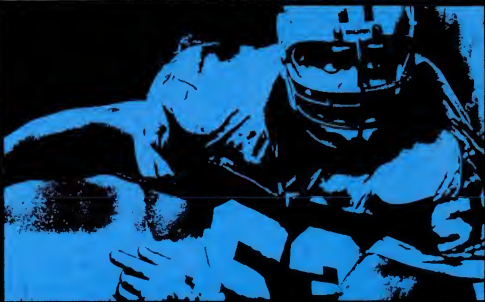
OVER 90 SPECIFIC
PLAYER BEHAVIORS

MULTIPLE VIEWING
ANGLES

PLAYER STATS
FLYING HELMETS



www.wtinet.com/wti/konami.htm



"NFL FULL CONTACT"
GAME TIME: NOV. 19



©1997 Konami Corporation. All Rights Reserved. Konami is a registered trademark of Konami Corporation. NFL is a registered trademark of the National Football League. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

FEATURES

NOVEMBER 1995 • VOLUME 3, NUMBER 9



60 THE VIBE Q

QUINCY JONES discusses the cyberfuture, the hip hop nation, and his all-star-packed new album, *Q's Jook Joint*. *By Scott Paulson-Bryant. Photographs by George Lange*

66 CLIP: XSCAPE FROM ATLANTA

With XSCAPE's sophomore album, the quartet have grown up—and set their sights beyond Hot 'N Lanta. *By Mimi Valdes*

68 ACT-LIKE YA KNOW

KRS-ONE, the Teacher, takes roll call. *By Joe Wood. Photographs by Josef Asor*

72 CLIP: SOUTH CIRCLE

The mike-wrecking duo from Houston. *By Marilyn Snyder*

74 STATION IDENTIFICATION

Is MTV runnin' from the real hip hop? *By Carter Harris*

86 GLAM ROCK

Supermodel IMAN and her rocker husband, DAVID BOWIE, engage in a tête-à-tête over imagination, art, and passions. *Photograph by Bruce Weber*

88 CLIP: DAVE CHAPPELLE

This new jack funnyman may be the hottest comic around. *By Kevin Powell*

90 DIFF'RENT STROKES

P.M. DAWN, those brothers from another planet, are back with another surreal—and slammin'—new album. *By Michael A. Gonzales. Photographs by Joseph Pluchino*



VIBE's World Wide Web site
Check it out!
<http://www.vibe.com>

COVER AND ABOVE

Photographed by George Lange; styling by Derrick Procopio; assistant styling by Stacey Young for the Crystal Agency, L.A.; hair by Newko for the Crystal Agency, L.A.; makeup by Cherie Combs for the Crystal Agency, L.A.; styling for Babyface by Bernard G. Jacobs/Katy Duds; hair for Babyface by Traci Johnson; Babyface's suit by Roger Dack courtesy of Lord's L.A.; Stevie's, Coolio's, and Quincy's wardrobe courtesy of Giorgio Armani. See The Details.

THE MOST
DEFIANT ACT
IS TO BE
DISTINGUISHED,
SINGLED OUT,
MARKED.

PUT OUR
JEANS ON.



For the nearest Gap store,
call 1-800-GAP-STYLE.

GAP
DENIM



FASHION

82 VIBE STYLE: VIDEO BEADS

Let's hear it for the boys. Styling by Emil Willbekin.
Photographs by Geoffrey de Boismenn

94 TUMBLEWEEDS

Once upon a time in the West, denim ruled.
Styling by Derick Procope.
Photographs by Nina Schultz

DEPARTMENTS

27 CONTRIBUTORS

31 MAIL

37 START

- 1st and 10th. *By William Rhoden*
- Plus: Death Row sues Time Warner. Treach sues the police. *All That*. Soultr's big break.
- 10 ASK THE RAPBANDIT.
- 41 SOUND CHECK: N'Bushe Wright.
By Bobbito Garcia
- 42 IN THE MIX.
- 44 BLACK-OWNED: Sophia Ramos.
By Greg Tate

47 GET UP ON IT

Let's get political—a new monthly section.
Colin Powell speaks up. *By Kevin Powell*

53 NEXT

SKEE-LO—little big man.
AZ spurs a bidding war.
DEBORAH COX's angelic voice.
J. QUEST, Harlem's R&B *boriqua*.

101 LOOK

Actor Glenn Plummer. *By Ricky Lee*
• 102 SHOOT: Mobb Deep. GEAR: Cycle chic.
• 103 WORD: *RL's Dream*. ACTRESS: Lela Rochon.
• 104 COMIX: Books with beats.
POET: Wadud. ACTOR: John Witherspoon.
TEN (OR SO) YEARS LATER: Mr. T.

105 REVOLUTIONS

REVIEWS: MARIAH CAREY. *By dream hampton*
• JANET JACKSON. *By Elysia Gardner*
• Plus: The Winans.
Ornette Coleman. Lenny Kravitz.
Soul II Soul. Junior M.A.F.A.
Gerald and Eddie Levert.
Souls of Mischief. JT the Bigga Figga.
• 116 BOOM SHOTS. *By Rob Kerner*
• 120 SINGLE FILE. *By James Hunter*
• 121 JUST THE FACTS. *By Joseph V. Tirella*
• 123 20 QUESTIONS.

128 PROPS

ROBERTO CLEMENTE.
By Josh Tyrangiel

ABOVE
KRS-One photographed by Josef Astor



Cold Shoulder

M I L L E R G E N U I N E D R A F T
T H E C O L D O N E





recording artists: **THE LUNIZ**

art director: bernard g. jacobs / photo: lunnie p. parker

marc buchanan pelle pelle

new york (212) 840-3232 | midwest (313) 925-5500 | los angeles (213) 622-4405 | dallas (214) 879-0044 | southeast (305) 456-9707
canada (514) 274-7000 | japan (075) 371-8333 | germany 071-617-8717 | korea 02-345-4051

HEAR IT FOR YOURSELF.

R. KELLY
COMING SOON

STARRING R. KELLY • WRITTEN, PRODUCED & COMPOSED BY R. KELLY • RECORDED AT CHICAGO RECORDING COMPANY
AND SOUTH BEACH STUDIOS • MANAGEMENT: BARRY HANKERSON • BOOKING AGENCY: FAMOUS ARTISTS

A BASS PRODUCTION

AN ORIGINAL SOUND RECORDING MADE BY ZOMBA RECORDING CORPORATION





the new groove.

freestyle



THE INCREDIBLE SELF-TITLED
DEBUT ALBUM FEATURING
"TELL ME," "RIDE"
AND "10 MINUTE HIGH."

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: BRYCE R. WILSON FOR OCTOBER 7TH INC. AND
JIMMY HENCHMEN FOR HENCHMEN ENTERTAINMENT.

<http://www.october7th.com>



"EPIC" AND "A&P" REG. U.S. PAT. & TM. OFF. MARCA REGISTRADA. © 1995 SONY MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT INC.

© copyright © atnat

CHERNIN'S
SIBLEY'S-DETROIT
COLLEGE PARK SHOES



STACY ADAMS®



Founder Quincy Jones

Editor-in-Chief Alan Light

Managing Editor Joe Angio

Music Editor Danyel Smith

Features Editor Robert Kenner

Senior/New Media Editor Ben Mapp

Senior Editor Cory Johnson

Style Editor Emil Wilbekin

Senior Writers Scott Poulson-Bryant, Kevin Powell

Associate Editors Henry Hamble, Joseph V. Tirella

Staff Writer John Morgan

Assistant Editor Mimi Valdes

Writers-at-Large Kathy Dobie, Michael A. Gonzales, Greg Tate

Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief Josh Tyrangiel

Editorial Assistants Omoronke Idowu, Shani Saxon

Art Director Diddo Ramm

Associate Art Director Lee Ellen Fanning

Picture Editor George Pitts

Art Production Manager Ryan Jones

Graphic Designer David Harley

Fashion Director Derick Procope

Associate Fashion Editor Estee Ochoa

Contributors

Charles Aaron, Harry Allen, Kyle Baker, Giselle Benoit, Rosemary Bray, Veronica Chambers, Cheo H. Chear, Carol Cooper, Robert G. Copeland, Kim France, Bobbie Garcia, Nelson George, Robert Harter, James Hunter, Laura Jamison, Sacha Jenkins, Lisa Jones, Isabella Kyrstin, James Ledbetter, Bonz Malone, Robert Morales, Elena Oumano, Leonard Pitts Jr., Tom Sinclair, Cristina Verán, Harry Wenger, Dontay Wilder, Joe Wood, Christian Wright

Photographers

Ruben Alandor, Kevau Aston, B. Bush Bellar, Aaron Claiborne, Davies and Davies, Geoffrey de Bolesmeu, Cheryl Dunn, Larry Fink, Carl Gonzalez, Jami G. S., Xavier Guardians, Eric Johnson, Sue Kwon, Dah Lin, Lisa Leone, Dana Linsberg, Melodie McDermott, Rasag & Taylor, Matthew Roston, Nina Schultz, Stephenie Sedano, Dany Turner, Ellen Van Uwenen, Robert Watson, Edward Williams Jr., Dan Winters, Christian Wilkin

Freelance Research/Copy

Eric Berman, Neil Bogan, Dave Bry, Marlene Glickman, OJ Lima

Interns

David Brown, Alfonso Graham, Bob Hennemann, Danyil Scopo, Tanja Senghaas, Marisa Williams, Greg Zimman

Publisher John Rollins

Advertising Director Leonard E. Burnett Jr.

New York Sales Manager Kathleen Guthrie

East Coast Music Manager Raymond W. O'Neal Jr.

Account Executive Mark Eckstrom

Account Executive Nelson Boyce

Assistant to the Publisher Christian Drucker

Advertising Assistants Kim Ford, Traci Jenkins

Special Events Director Karla Y. Radford

Marketing Manager Jeanine Triolo

Marketing Assistants Natasha Requena, Lauren Wirtzer

New Media Manager Siddiq T. Bello

Assistant New Media Manager Gregg Bishop

New Media Assistants Sheldon Bryan, Hamidou Diari, Jeremy Horland,

Robin Hayes, Pablo Semilian

New York Advertising Sales

205 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10016, (212) 522-7092

West Coast Advertising Sales

Landmark II Building, 11766 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90025, (310) 268-7200

West Coast Sales Director Onnae Outmans

West Coast Music Manager Greg Longstreet

Sales Assistant Jason Williams

Midwest Advertising Sales

303 East Ohio Street, 23rd Floor, Chicago, IL 60611, (312) 321-7908

Midwest Sales Manager Kenard Gibbs

Classified Coordinator and Sales Assistant Ann Roccaforte

Associate Circulation Director Dana Secher

Newstand Sales Manager Kendra V. Satchell

Fulfillment Manager Susan Young

Circulation Coordinator Stephanie Schuster

Business Manager Jacqueline P. Joseph

Production Manager Calvin J. Genereffe

Production Assistant Janelle Rollins

Accounting Manager Leping Wang

Assistant to the President and CEO Rami Watson

Mainroom Manager Jean Principi

President and Chief Executive Officer Keith T. Clinkscales

we is a joint venture between affiliates of Quincy Jones-David Saltzman Entertainment and Time Publishing Ventures, Inc.

Time Inc. Ventures

Robert L. Miller

Byronne Boudier-Chief, Gilbert Rogin, Karen Magee

Subscription requests, address changes, and adjustments should be directed to: vent, Box 95680, Boulder, CO 80322-9560



BOSS

BY I.G. DESIGN®

**You're
the
One.**

350 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, NY FOR A RETAILER NEAREST YOU CALL 212-563-2720

THE VIBE SNIPE BOARD

Gerald Levert and Eddie Levert, Sr.

FATHER & SON

The new album featuring
"Already Missing You"



When it comes to classic R&B, the Levert family has set the standard for over 30 years. On **Father & Son**, Eddie Levert, Sr., lead singer and founder of the legendary O'Jays, joins his son Gerald, one of R&B's most acclaimed artists, for an album of stunning duets that celebrates the Leverts' distinguished contribution to popular music.

Produced by Gerald Levert.
Eddie Levert, Sr., Edwin "Tony" Nicholas
and Dvairn Mitchell for
Trevel Production Company, Inc.

On Demand Records America compiled, drawn and written. © 1996 Capitol Records Entertainment Group, a division of Warner Communications Inc. A Time Warner Company.



BRINGIN' IT DOWN TO EARTH



earth gyriz



"Love of Mine"
From the forthcoming album
FULLY EQUIPPED

JANUARY '96

© 1995 Capitol Records, Inc.

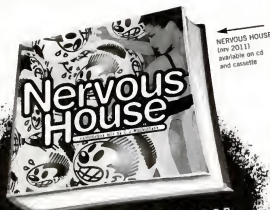
LOOK FOR THESE NEW RELEASES

BACK TO SCHOOL AT

NERVOUS UNIVERSITY

NERVOUS HOUSE

compiled by Professor C.J. MACKINTOSH featuring classic works by
Masters At Work, Danny Tenaglia, Armand Van Helden, Frankie Feliciano,
Joe T. Vannelli and Jason Nevins



NERVOUS HOUSE
(mv 2011)
available on cd
and cassette



REQUIRED
LISTENING

NERVOUS HIP HOP
(mv 2020)
available on cd
and cassette

NERVOUS HIP HOP

compiled by Professor KENNY DOPE featuring classic works by
Black Moon, Smif-n-Wessun, Mad Lion and Funkmaster Flex



Nervous Inc 1501 Broadway, Suite 1314B, New York, NY 10036 phone 212-730-7160 fax 212-730-7210

THE U.S. DEBUT

beenie man

B L E S S E D

Includes
the international
smash hits

SLAM
MODELLING
BLESSED



Produced by PHILIP HARRIS - The DEBUT of BEENIE MAN. Don't miss the international smash hit "BLESSED" on the new CD "BLESSED" available on CD and cassette. © 1994 Nervous Records, Inc.

www.beeniemusic.com

THE VIBE SNIPE BOARD

MARTIN
Lawrence

Funk it!

The new album from the funniest funk'n' comedy star in America.

The bad boy is talkin' sh*t again...

Also available

Executive Producer:
Martin Lawrence

PARODY ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS



On EastWest Records America copyright © 1995 and Atlantic Records.
World Wide Web: <http://www.juniormafia.com>
© 1995 Elektra Entertainment Group, a division of Warner Communications Inc.
A Time Warner Company

PLAYA'S GRAB YOUR...
JUNIOR M.A.F.I.A.
THE **GOLD BOMB** DEBUT ALBUM
FEATURING THE GOLD SMASH HIT
"FLASER'S ANTHEM"



WITH SONGS PRODUCED BY:
DJ CLARK KENT FOR SUPERMEN PRODUCTIONS, INC.
DADDY-O AND UNDERSTANDING FOR UNDEAS, INC.
SPECIAL ED FOR SPECIAL ED MUSIC INC.
AKSHUN FOR SPECIAL ED MUSIC INC.
AND EZ ELPEE

CONSPIRACY



LITTLE RYM



ALEPHMANIAC



TRIFE & LARCENY
THE BRASS



THE 4TH DEADLY SIN

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: LANCE "UN" RIVERA,
CHRISTOPHER "THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G."
WALLACE AND CRAIG KALLMAN

CALL 1-900-ATLANTIC FOR A QUICK MUSIC TUNE-UP.
ONLY \$1 PER CALL UNDER 18 GET PARENTS PERMISSION TOUCH TONE PHONE REQUIRED.
ATLANTIC RECORDS NY, NY (212) 377-6423

TALK TO US: <http://JuniorMAFIA.com>
BIGBEAT989@AOL.COM

FOR MORE INFO CONTACT
THE BIG BEAT RAP HOTLINE AT 213-688-6199



©1995 BIG BEAT RECORDS INC.
DISTRIBUTED BY ATLANTIC RECORDING CORP., A TIME WARNER COMPANY

Quick,
what's another name
for great jazz?



Black Book

GREG OSBY

Black Book
GREG OSBY

A Collection of 11 Great Essays Set to "NCW" Music

Saxophonist Greg Osby gives ten diverse lessons to the art of musical survival.

To order, contact **Black Ink Store, Inc.**
Phone call 1.800.333.7733

Black Ink



**YOU GOT
SOMETHING
TO SAY?**

We've got the shoes to do the talking for you.



foot Locker
Where it all begins.

CONTRIBUTORS

Until November 9, only
Foot Locker has this
Reebok® Kamikaze II
basketball shoe
in black and white.
Of course, we're also
the only place to have
it in kid sizes too.



That means the only
other place you
can find them is on
Shawn Kemp's feet.
And you can't have his.

REEBOK and  are registered trademarks
of Reebok International. ©1995 Foot Locker

"P.M. Dawn's new album gives people an expanded definition of what the hip hop sound can accomplish," says VIBE writer-at-large Michael A. Gonzales ("Diff'rent Strokes," page 90). "It can have singing, not include rapping, and still be hip hop." The Harlem native has contributed to *ego trip*, Tower Records' *Pulse!*, *Rap Pages*, and MTV Online. He is also coauthor of *Bring the Noise* (Harmony).



MICHAEL



NINA

New York native Nina Schultz photographed this issue's fashion story, a paean to cowboys ("Tumbleweeds," page 94). The shoot, which took place in southeastern Arizona's Dragoon Mountains, was inspired by Sergio Leone's spaghetti westerns. "Rural shoots are more spacious and organic," she says. "And to me they are more of what America is about than New York City, which is like a different country." Schultz, a part-time resident of Woodstock, N.Y., has contributed to *The Face*, *Interview*, and *Vanity Fair*.

Photographer Josef Astor shot KRS-One ("Act Like Ya Know," page 68) in this issue. Astor, an Ohio native whose work has appeared in solo exhibitions in New York and Paris, has also contributed to *The New York Times Magazine*, *Mirabella*, *Rolling Stone*, and *Vanity Fair*... VIBE contributor Joe Wood, who interviewed KRS-One, describes his subject as "a complicated guy with a great spirit." Wood wrote about Sly Stone for VIBE in the June/July 1994 issue and is a senior editor at the *Village Voice*.



KEVIN POWELL

KEVIN

OF VIBE's new yearlong political-awareness/campaign section, Get Up on It (page 47), creator and coeditor Kevin Powell says, "Because of the following that VIBE has developed over the past two years via its entertainment coverage, I felt this was the best forum to turn young people on to mainstream politics and grassroots activism." Powell, a VIBE senior writer, is also the host and producer of HBO's *Vibe Five*, an entertainment news show, and the author of *recognize* (Writers and Readers), a recently released collection of poetry.

A "great lovefest" is how photographer George Lange describes the atmosphere at this month's cover shoot (THE VIBE Q, page 60). "Stevie Wonder, Babyface, Coolio, everyone was really warm and terrific and there to support Quincy's new project," he says. "It was such a great, exciting shoot that I could barely drive home afterward. I felt like I could fly over the freeway." The 40-year-old Pittsburgh native has shot covers for *Esquire*, *Entertainment Weekly*, and *Newsweek*.



GEORGE



CARTER

Concerning his exposé on MTV's treatment of rap videos ("Station Identification," page 74), VIBE contributor Carter Harris says, "Of the more than 50 interviews I did for this story, I was amazed at the number of people who didn't want to talk or be quoted on the record for fear of angering the powers that be at MTV." Harris, a Brooklyn resident via Milwaukee and Oakland, is a former reporter for the *San Francisco Bay Guardian* and a former editor of *The Source*, and has written for *Details* and Tower Records' *Pulse!*

Beats
straight
jacket.



s wearing a ght



Body Jer Jacket™



The Convert Body Jer Jacket™, by Columbia, offers a radial sleeve cut, allowing plenty of room for flailing. There's also a 100% nylon, Rhino Skin II™ outershell. Polyester/acrylic sherpa pile lining. Zap Fleece™ chin guard. And an inside security pocket for the tunes. You know, music. For drowning out all those voices you keep hearing.

The Front-side Indy.

For many, it's the
ultimate form of
fluid freedom.

For others,
a threatening gesture
of nonconformity.
You know, the sort of
thing that'll get you
tossed into the
nuthouse. But relax,
you're better suited
for a mountain than
a loony ward.

Precisely why we
prescribe Convert™.

Its radial sleeves
and baggy fit offer
plenty of room and
comfort. Allowing
you to be as in
control, or as out of
control, as you
damn well please.



For the Columbia retailer nearest you in the U.S. and Canada, call 1-800-944-BOWLE

 **Columbia**
Sportswear Company

BUMP



AND THE MUSIC DOESN'T SKIP A BEAT.

Go 'head and hit that pothole. Panasonic introduces a Portable CD Player with a 10-second Anti-Shock Memory (SL-S491C). Now you can hit a bump and your music won't jump. The new Panasonic Portable CD Player is very easy to use.



It plugs right into your car stereo and comes with its own car power and cassette adapters. The buttons even light up. And when you're not driving, just put on the included headphones. The new Panasonic Portable Compact Disc Player. Skip the skips.

Proud Sponsor of the
1996 U.S. Olympic Team
at U.S.C. 280



Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.



The **Mike Tyson** of today is obviously a more mature person than the Mike Tyson of old ("What Kind of Power He Got" by Kevin Powell, September). Hopefully with due guidance of this Nation and his entourage this brotha can pick up the pieces and change his life himself.

**MISTA SITUATION
JACKSONVILLE, NC**

Big ups to Bönz Malone for that phatter-than-phat piece on Frank Sinatra "O.G.," September). As an Italian-American, I grew up listening to Frank on the regular through my father, uncles, and grampa dogs. Frank Sinatra made me proud of my Italian roots and showed me that my goals are never out of reach. Now it's 1995 and I'm deep in this hip hop mix, but after I turn off all the BDP, Mobb Deep, or FreeStyle Fellowship, I still find time to bump a little Of Blue Eyes in my trunk piece. Montell said it, but Frank taught it: "This is how we do it." 'Nuff said.

**DJ NIC'ONE
LOS ANGELES, CA**

Your story on Frank Sinatra made me feel sick. I felt ill reading the words of a black man proclaiming his secret desire to be Italian. I felt sick knowing that VIBE would allow a man very obviously connected to career criminals who terrorize, extort, and murder to be glorified within its pages. Most of all, I felt sick knowing that these wasted pages should have been filled recounting the life of a true legend like Nat "King" Cole.

**K-BUTTA
NEW YORK, NY**

The one thing I loved about Frank Sinatra was the way he looked out for his people, especially the brothers like Sammy Davis Jr. Sinatra is not only a respected man, but in my eyes one of the coolest men on the planet. Frank Sinatra has lived the real American dream of money, women, and fame. He also hung out with real gangsters, not these punk "thug life" rappers and punk drug dealers on the street who think they are big because they can pull a trigger or sell thousands of dollars worth of drugs. They don't realize that they are the pawns of some higher power who are laughing at them, saying, "Look at the niggers." Bönz was right: "Power without control ain't shit."

**DONNELL REGUSTERS
YEADON, PA**

Hooray for Bönz Malone's great, definitive article on Frank Sinatra—one of the best I've ever read in 50-plus years of following the "Boss of Bosses," as Bono of U2 so aptly put it. At last someone stresses Frank's underlying fight against prejudice, which he has waged since his early Dookey days. Also, happy second anniversary to VIBE—and wishing you 78 more big ones, just like Frank.

**RITA SAPUTELLI
PHILADELPHIA, PA**

Most of C. DeLores Tucker's statements were valid ("Mama Said Knock U Out" by Kevin Powell, September). No, she did not know everything there was to know about rap, nor did she see the full scope of reality in the black community. However, anyone who is not consciously dead can see and feel the effects that negative "Smoke a blunt, fuck a ho, kill a nigga" music has on our children and on our comatose communities. TAKE A LOOK AROUND. Every voice in the industry (including all CEOs) needs to wake up and realize that if you are not helping, you are hindering and hurting the black family.

**ANGELA P. HARPER
AUSTIN, TX**

There were many significant ideas discussed by Mother Tucker concerning gangsta rap, but she seems to have a misconceptualized view of not only gangsta rap but also rap music in general. Many claim that gangsta rap encourages people to act violently and emit an attitude of disrespect and carelessness for themselves, females, and society as a whole. However, this music does not put a gun in a person's hand and tell him/her to pull the trigger, nor does this music coerce black men to call their mothers, sisters, and/or girlfriends bitches and whores. We must understand that gangsta rap does not breed crime. Crime was here prior to the birth of rap! I guess it's easier to blame entertainment for the irresponsible behavior of people. Tucker's past career is tainted by her expediency; she's not out to uplift the black community. She is using the "Ban gangsta rap" slogan to receive support and launch her new political campaign. (Please!) Why not aim toward creating programs for helping African-Americans get through college?

**THE CRITIC
CHARLSTON, SC**

I am a member of the National Political Congress of Black Women, of which C. DeLores Tucker is the leader. I was very

upset after reading your Q&A, because I joined the organization blindly without really knowing about it. Initially, I felt I should support it because it was black, but now I have learned that you should know the agenda of any organization before you join and give them your money. I'm confused because Ms. Tucker is very intelligent and has credentials that command respect, but she's missed the mark with the battle she's waging against gangsta rap. Why isn't she protesting R&B also? African-American women are degraded, prostituted, and "getting done" in R&B all the time. Ms. Tucker should privately meet with the record company executives and the artists who she has a problem with (no media) to see if their differences can be worked out. I challenge her to be open-minded enough to try.

**HUTCHISON
NORFOLK, VA**

If you want to know the problem with Ms. Tucker's campaign, just look at the picture accompanying the article: A large group of older people who are out of touch with youth culture. So instead of addressing the real issues of the society, she is hell-bent on getting Time Warner to drop

MAI

Interscope. And when that happens, labels will magically sign "positive" rappers and all this nastiness will go away. That is ridiculously naive. You can take away a record company, but the situations that spawned those attitudes will still be around. This "bitch, nigga" stuff is played, but let's go to the root of the problem instead of relishing in this red scare/blacklist approach.

**DORIAN S. HAM
SPRINGFIELD, OH**

C. DeLores Tucker is an old lady with old ideas—the same old ideas that got our black



YOUR BEST SHOT

MAI LUCAS, ROCK STEADY ANNIVERSARY, NEW YORK, NY

IN STORES
OCT 17TH

MCA



THE MCA STORE

© 1995 Gordana Alley JV
O.A.S. management

© 1995 MCA Records Inc.

asses kicked in the '60s. But we're not afraid anymore. We're not scared to tell society that it's fucked up! If a woman promotes herself as a bitch, then she should be called a bitch and not a lady. And if she acts like a ho, she should be called a ho. And by the way, what's wrong with making love with your woman doggy-style? Is Ms. Tucker trying to tell us that in her 67 years of living she has never had doggy-style sex? Does she even know what that is?

TRAVIS MALIK SHABAZZ
CHESAPEAKE, VA

I have just one thing to say about Tyson Beckford ("Dark and Lovely" by Scott Poulson-Bryant, September): You better WORKKKKK! It was encouraging to hear that he has not let success change him, considering that there has never been a black male supermodel. And that is a very unfortunate fact, because all too often the only runways the rest of us "supermodels" get to work are in the clubs and on the streets. But keep up the great work, Tyson. You're a catalyst.

GARY LONGSTREET
ATLANTA, GA

Scott Poulson-Bryant really let Tyson Beckford show his true colors without putting him down about being a ruff-neck, like most mags do. Tyson seems to be one of the few black broths climbing the ladder of success without changing colors on the way up.

MARLA L. DONALD
COLLEGE PARK, GA

Having been locked down myself for three years and eight months, I believe that Larry Hoover—after 22 years of incarceration—has made a change for the better and has become a positive role model ("Ghost in the Machine" by Josh Tyrangiel, September). The parole board knows Mr. Hoover has learned a lesson to last him two lifetimes, and the brother should be given a chance to prove himself in society.

RAZZA Q
BEEVILLE, TX

Unfortunately, your second anniversary issue fell short of being the complete bomb due to the appalling snippet on the immortal Phyllis Hyman (Start, September). Steven Ivory showed no sensitivity or respect to Phyllis and other people whose

lives are troubled. Using words like "check out" to describe someone's transition into the afterlife, regardless of how they go, is way out of line. Phyllis was searching for unconditional love, something other than the facade that fame and success bring. The lack of sensitivity and the negative tone of Ivory's story only prove that some of us are far from being positive forces to help those in need.

FATHOM (DJ) DANI
CHICAGO, IL

I was really disturbed with your *small* story on Phyllis Hyman, a talented singer who moved many people's hearts. Steven Ivory's statement that she "decided to check out" was *totally inappropriate and fucked up!* That statement was so insensitive, I think he owes Phyllis Hyman's family and friends an apology.

LINDA MCBRIDE
CHESAPEAKE, VA

I am writing to commend your fashion story ("Shaken Not Stirred," September) and photographer Butch Belair. I too am a photographer who recently decided to make a business

out of my artistic talent, and I realize that digital image manipulation can make a bold and daring statement, as your photo compilation has done. Three cheers for expressive artistic talent accentuated by modern technological advances and a culturally reflective magazine!

DAVID H. HAGEN
ST. LOUIS, MO

VIBE encourages mail and photographs from readers. Please send letters to VIBE MAIL, 205 Lexington Avenue, 3rd Floor, New York, N.Y. 10016. Or send E-mail to vibe@vibe.com. Send photos to VIBE YOUR BEST SHOT (same address). Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. Photo submissions will become the property of VIBE and will not be returned.

CORRECTION
On page 116 of the September issue, photo No. 7 is actually Patrick Roberts of Shocking Vibes Productions, not Dave Kelly.

toshi kubota

After selling over 9 million albums worldwide, Toshi Kubota brings light from the other side with his American debut album, "sunshine, moonlight."

FEATURING THE FIRST SINGLE: FUNK IT UP.*

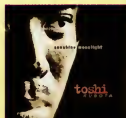
Plus Just The Two of Us, a duet with ex-Soul II Soul singer, Caron Wheeler.

*Remixed by David Morales.

Available at:

BLOCKBUSTER

MUSIC



Album produced by Brian Roberts. Exec. & Supervised by Scott Kahan and Carmen Cox and Andrew Lewis for C.R.A. Productions.

Additional production by Toshi Kubota

COLUMBIA

©1999 Sony Music Inc. All Rights Reserved. Reproduction of this CD and its contents is prohibited without the written permission of Sony Music Inc.

For information, please call 1-800-USA-LEVI or e-mail us at silverTab@levi.com ©1995 Levi Strauss & Co.



(not your basic life)

(not your basic Jean)





1-800-234-4314

1st and Long

In the fall of 1938, sportswriters were hailing Wilmeth Sidat-Singh, a black man, as one of the finest all-around college quarterbacks in America. In one game, the Syracuse University star threw three touchdowns in the final minutes of play. But despite such talent, the doors to pro football were closed to him: From 1934 to 1945 no blacks played in the National Football League.

In the 50 years since the de facto ban ended, black men have grown to dominate in the NFL, but black quarterbacks are still a rarity. While two-thirds of the league's players are black, only four of the 30 teams start black QBs. There have been incremental breakthroughs: James Harris, Warren Moon, and Randall Cunningham all played in the Pro Bowl. There have also been disappointments: Hopefuls such as Major Harris, Rodney Peete, and Andre Ware never lived up to expectations. And just last season, Heisman Trophy winner Charlie Ward spent his rookie year with the New York Knicks when his demand that he be chosen in the first round of the NFL draft went unfulfilled.

Why are there so few black quarterbacks in the NFL? Perhaps it's the persistence of an old, ugly stereotype—that blacks can't succeed in "thinking" positions—that endures in the white-dominated coaching fraternity and among white owners. Doug Williams, MVP of Super Bowl XXII, wrote bitterly in his 1990 autobiography that "it boils down to the fact that most NFL coaches, general managers, and owners just don't want a black man running their team."

But times may be changing. Enter Steve "Air" McNair from Alcorn State, the NFL's overall No. 3 draft pick. For the first time in league history, a black quarterback has come into the league with the skills, the smarts, the hype—and the expectations. Houston has signed McNair for long dollars, and they look to him to lead them to the promised land.

Six decades after Wilmeth Sidat-Singh threw his last pass, his logical successor has arrived.

William Rhoden

Death Row Watch

Lawsuits start flyin' in the battle over rap lyrics

As VIBE went to press, the debate over gangsta rap was taking more turns than a Russian novel. But the stakes were real: The fate of Time Warner's relationship with Interscope Records (home to Tupac Shakur) and Interscope's subsidiary, Death Row (Snoop Doggy Dogg, Dr. Dre, Tha Dogg Pound), lay in the balance.

Time Warner reportedly was seeking to end its five-year association with Interscope following months of public criticism by Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole, former Bush administration drug czar William Bennett, and C. DeLores Tucker (ousted Pennsylvania secretary of state reborn as a rap music

leave Interscope and work for her in a new Time Warner-distributed label, a deal that would have involved \$80 million for Knight and two state-of-the-art recording studios—that is, if he would tone down Death Row's lyrics to meet her unspecified standards.

On August 7, Michael Fuchs, newly installed chairman of Time Warner's music division, flew from New York to the Coast to meet with Knight at the Beverly Hills home of Dionne Warwick, a member of Tucker's National Political Congress of Black Women. Fuchs, along with Warwick, waited for Knight for five hours, but he never showed.

Three days later, when Field and

lovine heard about the wooing of Knight, they halted negotiations with Time Warner and filed suit against the crusading Tucker for interfering with contractual relationships, seeking unspecified damages.

On August 17, Death Row, gangsta rap's most powerful label (its four releases to date have all gone at least double platinum), filed its own suit, accusing Tucker, Fuchs, Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin, Warner Music Group, and Time Warner of contractual interference, extortion, and violations of the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations (RICO) statute.

"Tucker certainly has had her own



Bad Lieutenants

Naughty by Nature front man Treach launched a \$2 million lawsuit against the East Orange, N.J. Police Department on August 10, charging them with repeated harassment, assault, physical and verbal abuse, violation of due process, and civil rights violations. The rapper, who still lives in the same rough East Orange neighborhood he grew up in, says that the local police have made a habit of harassing his friends and family.

But the last straw, he claims, came when he tried to stop cops from manhandling his 45-year-old aunt, who maintains she was merely watching police interrogate five youths when she was arrested. When Treach rolled up and tried to intervene, he says he was maced and later arrested. "If they're doin' this shit to me," says Treach, "imagine what they're doin' to regular kids."

McLean Greares



critic). Time Warner provided seed money for Interscope in 1990, eventually investing more than \$40 million in the company; by 1994, the media giant was earning a healthy \$50 million profit on its investment. On April 12, 1995, Time Warner (which also owns part of VIBE) sunk another \$80 million into Interscope, raising its stake to 50 percent. But in August, as the high-profile hardcore label became a lightning rod for critics and with Time Warner having no control over lyrics or cover art, it and Interscope co-owners Ted Field and Jimmy Lovine were reportedly close to an amicable parting of ways in August.

Just as negotiations were being finalized, however, Death Row CEO Suge Knight claimed that Tucker, whom he'd met briefly in Seattle, asked him to

Suge Knight claims that C. DeLores Tucker offered him \$80 million to work for her in a new Time Warner company—if he would clean up his lyrics.

agenda with this thing the entire time," says David Kenner, attorney for Death Row. "Our lawsuit is basically a way for us to show that we won't allow this unethical act to go unnoticed." But while Tucker admits she discussed a deal, she insists she never talked about any money with Knight.

"Any efforts undertaken by Ms. Tucker with Death Row Records were undertaken by her acting as a well-intentioned volunteer without any authorization from Time Warner, Warner Music Group, Gerald Levin, or Michael Fuchs," says a Time Warner spokesperson.

"The controversy and all the other stuff can't stop what we are doing," says Death Row cofounder Dr. Dre. "Our business is making music, and that won't change."

Alison Samuels

bullets point-blank news



• ILL AUTOMATIC

On August 1, Rapper Nas' "Nas" Jones was driving his \$80,000 gold Lexus near his home in New York City's Queensbridge projects when he was pulled over by police. A search of the glove compartment revealed a .357 Magnum (with no serial number) loaded with hollow-point bullets. "I carry because of what happened to Queen Latifah," Nas told police. Nonetheless, he was charged with criminal possession of a weapon, defacing a gun, and driving without a license. "He was very nice to us," arresting officer John Pagnotta told reporters. "He told us his rap lyrics are positive."



• NO MORE RAISING HELL

On July 30, Joseph Simmons (Run of Run-D.M.C.) was ordained a minister at the Zion Ministries Church in Manhattan by Bishop E. Bernard Jordan. Simmons, 31, previously a church deacon, says, "I was growing so much in the Lord that being a minister was the only thing I wanted." Run plans to blend his new and old professions with the formation of his own label, Reverend Run Records. A compilation showcase album titled *Reverend Run Presents* is due in stores this fall.

HIGH TECHNOLOGY
WITHOUT THE
HIGH ANXIETY

HOW TECHNICS 60-DISC CHANGER WILL CHANGE THE WAY YOU LISTEN TO MUSIC.



*Fly from a track on disc 1
all the way to a track on
disc 60*

MASH
Links out five musical details



*The remote even
controls Direct
Programming -
for one-touch
programming of your favorite
songs as you listen*

IMAGINE - YOU THINK OF A SONG,
PUSH A BUTTON, THE SONG PLAYS.
NO MORE SEARCHING FOR CDS.
IT'S THE NEW TECHNICS SL-MC50
MEGA CD CHANGER. IT HOLDS 60
CDS, OFFERS FRONT LOADING AND
QUICK SINGLE-PLAY FUNCTION.
TECHNICS MEGA CD CHANGER.
IT'S A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Tuner
Amplifier
Equalizer
60-Disc Changer
Tape Deck

*No larger
than a
standard
component,
it easily fits
into your
system*

*Group your discs
according to musical
genre, artist or any
way you like*

R & B
Waltz
Country

ROCK
JAZZ

Technics
The science of sound

Technics developed the world's first MASH
60-Disc CD Changer. MASH technology was awarded the
NETT 93-94 Lullaby Award in a category of NETT

Proud Sponsor of the
1996 U.S. Olympic Team



Ask the Rap Bandit

Q: Since Time Warner owns part of VIBE and is deep into the mess at Interscope Records, how can we be sure you won't be taking it easy on Interscope artists? C.H., EDINA, MN

A: I've spent years developing the journalistic integrity that guides my every move. I can't worry about offending the higher-ups at Time Warner, unless of course it jeopardizes my chance of being best boy on the set of HBO's *Real Sex* 14.

Q: Is that gold throne Biggie's sitting on in the "One More Chance" video the same one Will Smith spins around in during the opening of The Fresh Prince of Bel Air? D.U.B., ATLANTA, GA

A: Yes, but it remains the intellectual property of NBC.

Q: Is it true that Luke was giving cash payments to University

of Miami football players for scoring touchdowns? D.R., SANTA FE, NM

A: Luke denies it, but it's not uncommon for rappers to have financial interests in their hometown teams. For instance, Common Sense gave up mad dollars to get Michael Jordan to quit baseball and rejoin the Bulls.

Q: I'm glad you're in VIBE, but what happened to the letters R.B. on your hat? C.H., TERRE HAUTE, IN

A: That was during a brief, confusing stage of my life when I was considering dropping the word *rap* from my name. But then my good friend Hammer called me and said that based on his experiences, that wouldn't be a good idea.

Q: How come you don't pay any attention to the Canadian hip hop scene? W.G., BRANTFORD, ONT.

A: Because foreign MCs are always wack. The only one with skills is that young brother coming out of Liverpool, Ye Olde Dirty Bastard.

Q: Do you go with that girl from Digable Planets? L.B., NEWPORT, RI

A: No, I don't date rappers anymore. I'm still in pain from my one date with LeShawn.

Q: Do the people who buy T-shirts from street vendors realize how stupid they look? R.H., FREMONT, OH

A: It's very hard to explain the motivation of someone wearing a T-shirt that says I SURVIVED A DATE WITH EAZY-E.

Q: Surface always raps about dying, dead bodies, and shit. Did he used to work at a funeral home? B.O.G., RIVERSIDE, CA

A: No, but he did work at a cemetery a few years ago. In fact, I think that may have been when he buried Willie D's career.

Q: Since Blondie's rap song "Rapture" came out in the early 1980s, shouldn't Debbie Harry be considered the first lady of rap? B.T.K., BALTIMORE, MD

A: That depends on whether you also consider Tabitha Soren to be hip hop's minister of information.

Q: Why did you say the D.O.C. would "possibly" release another album after it had already been announced he would? C.H.C., HIGHLAND VILLAGE, TX

A: That's one of the wack things about the magazine industry. Writing deadlines are so far in advance of the date publications actually hit the newsstands. Oh well, let me go—I just heard EPMD might be breaking up.

Got a question about hip hop?

Hit me off at: **The Rap Bandit, P.O. Box 48382, Philadelphia, PA 19144, or rapbandit@vibe.com.**

Everything you always wanted to know about **hip hop** but were afraid to ask

Mad, Crazy Kid Stuff

It took more than a half hour of comedy sketches and seven cute multi-culti kids to make *All That* one of Nickelodeon's top-rated shows last spring. "Nickelodeon thought I was crazy," says director Brian Robbins, who also directed the hip hop documentary *The Show*. "They were, like, 'Why do we have to use rap music?'" But within three months, the suits saw the ratings skyrocket thanks to guests such as TLC (who recorded the show's theme song), Brandy, Coolio, and BLACKstreet. So this season *All That* is coming back strong: Naughty by Nature, Montell Jordan, and Method Man will appear, along with recurring *In Living Color*-like characters such as Super Dude, a nerdy superhero who overcomes lactose intolerance to defeat his archenemy, the Milkman. "This music is what the kids respond to," says Robbins. "*All That* works because it reflects a kid's-eye view instead of what some adult writer thinks was funny ten years ago."

Tiarra Mukherjee

bullets point-blank news

• SHORTCHANGED

A backstage brawl between a Too Short fan and the Luniz' manager prompted radio station KMEL to cut short its August 12 Summer Jam in Mountain View, Calif. and yank Too Short from its playlist. Too Short (left), while admitting he attended the show to confront the Luniz over their single "Playa Hata," which dissed him, says the fervent fan wasn't with his posse. "How could one person shut down a show of 20,000 fans?" Short asked. "I'll was that tough, I'da been doing" this for years."



• KNIGHTS IN THE 'HOOD

A new jazz supergroup lived up to its name when the Urban Knights played a July 29 benefit concert in Oklahoma City. The event supported the Governor's Victims and Families Relief Fund, which helps survivors of the April 19 bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building. The Knights—pianist Ramsey Lewis (fresh from Guru's *Jazzmatazz* sessions), saxophonist Grover Washington Jr., drummer Omar Hakim, and bassist Victor Bailey—plan to follow their first live performance with more community work. Says Lewis, "We didn't get into this business to make tons of money."



Coolio on *All That*

Pop Sensation

The doo-wop group Soulytry aren't exactly new kids off the block—they're new kids off the tube. The group was discovered after two of its members, Baby and K-Born, harmoniously crooned "Always Coca-Cola" a cappella in a commercial that fizzed on television two years ago. The two then hooked up with K.J. and X—butties they served with in the Marine Corps—to round out the quartet, secured Alex Avant as a manager, and signed to Motown (whose chairman, Clarence Avant, is Alex's pops). With an eponymous debut album coproduced by QDIII, Soulytry has come a long way from shilling for soda. "The commercial was the basis for allowing us to get noticed," says Baby. "Before that, becoming a musical group really wasn't on our minds."

Omoroke Idowu



Baby, K-Born, and X—Soulytry's ringleaders.

sound check

Bobbito Garcia plays the tracks; N'Bushe Wright states the facts

You may not know who she is yet, but actress N'Bushe Wright is the kind of talent who could someday grace the cover of this magazine. And I stress the word *grace*. A stunningly attractive former Alvin Ailey dancer, N'Bushe is still considered up-and-coming only "cause her first two movies—*Zebrahead* and *Freddie*—didn't blow up at the box office (see *Freddie*—it's worth the rental). However, this could all change with the Hughes brothers' *Dead Presidents*, in which she has a critical role.

CANNONBALL ADDERLY QUIN-TE—"Mercy, Mercy, Mercy"

N: Makes me want to smile and put my hands up. I should know this. Is it Ahmad Jamal?

B: Nah. He might've covered it, though. It's Cannonball Adderly.

N: Oh, no! I was gonna say that next. They had that playful sound. They got that real smooth, hanging-out-in-your-backyard-in-Brooklyn sound.

B: Why do people from Brooklyn always have to mention Brooklyn in everything they say?

N: Brooklyn is just like that—little girls playing double Dutch, boys playing handball. This song reminds me of Afro's—like the one I'm wearing in

Dead Presidents. Ha ha ha!

B: Don't worry, it's okay to promote me.

D'ANGELO—"Shit, Damn, Mother-fucker"

N: D'Angelo? Waah! [She jumps up]

B: Take easy there.

N: I love D'Angelo. Oh my God. He gives me goose bumps. I can't even listen to "Brown Sugar" no more. N'Bushe loves D'Angelo. I don't even know what he looks like.

B: There's his album cover.

N: Oh, he's beautiful. You know we're from the same tribe. He's that alternative, hip-hop, jazz, soul mixture that we've been waiting for. A lot of artists are going to try to sound like him.

CYNTHIA LAUPER—"Girls Just Want to Have Fun"

N: I can't fuck with this. Actually, when it was out it was all right. How can you even play this after D'Angelo?

B: What do you think of the concept?

N: There are times when girls do want to have fun. Right now I'm trying to live my life spontaneously and not be so cerebral about everything, like what does this mean if I do this? I can dig what she's saying. Only men are

supposed to have fun. That's why I think God for artists like Patra and Adina Howard.

THE JACKSON 5—"Never Can Say Goodbye"

N: Ohhh! This reminds me of when I was a kid in Brooklyn.

B: Another mention of Brooklyn and I'm gonna throw up.

N: Seriously, I grew up in Bed-Stuy. My father was a jazz musician, and that's all we listened to in the house. I'd run to the window if someone was playing this outside, or I'd change my father's jazz station when he'd leave the room and try to find stuff like this. When I'd hear his footsteps, I'd scramble to get his jazz station back on.

MAIN SOURCE—"Live at the B-B-Q"

N: That's Nas. Who else is on this?

B: Nas, Fatal, Akinyele, and the Large Professor. It was on Main Source's first album.

N: The beat is pumping. I know this song. I knew Nas's verse.

B: This song is a classic.

N: I thought Nas should have gotten Lyricist of the Year at the Source Awards, but I'm not mad Biggie got it, 'cause he's from Brooklyn. That's right, Brooklyn!

bullets point-blank news

BROWN TAKES THE RAP

Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin, the former H. Rap Brown, was arrested August 7 in Atlanta for aggravated assault and possession of deadly weapons. Al-Amin, 52, who once led the radical Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and worked with the Black Panthers, is now a leader of a local mosque. William Miles, 22, had said Al-Amin shot him in a park near the mosque, but later recanted his story. Al-Amin's attorney, Michael Hauptman, says the phalanx of cops accompanying his client, said, "Do they think Huey Newton's going to come back and rescue him?"



'90210' IS NO JOKE

Believe it or not, the beachy cast on Fox's teen drama *Beverly Hills 90210* have been representing. Shaggy will jam to "In the Summertime" on the season opener. And Jade, Color Me Badd, and Babyface (who actually lives in the 90210 zip code) have all done the show, spawning two soundtrack albums on Giant Records. It seems the combination of Rodeo Drive and urban soul has been good for every one. 90210's ratings remain solid, and Jade's management claims album sales rose 23 percent after the trio performed at a fictional Beverly Hills telenovela.

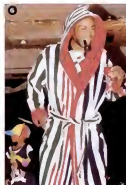
In the MIX

DON'T YOU WISH?

start

If you didn't register for the first VIBE Music Seminar in New York, you missed out on a piece of history! Besides panel discussions with various experts in film, style, new media, etc., there were slamming parties every night. 1. Wednesday, August 23: Andre Harrell, Quincy Jones, and Russell Simmons celebrated at the Uptown Records party for the New York Undercover soundtrack at Tavern on the Green. 2. The cast: Michael De Lorenzo, Lauren Velez, Patti D'Arbanville-Quinn, and Malik Yoba. (Although the party's invitations stated that everyone was supposed to wear white linen, Velez and D'Arbanville-Quinn must have thought they were special.) 3. Thursday, August 24: Quincy held a special reception where Brandy (who performed jazzy renditions of her songs) and Da Brat had a grand ol' time. 4. Later that night at the Palladium, Def Jam hosted a party for *The Show*. Redman and Method Man (without the Beavis and Butt-head costumes) performed "How High?" 5. Friday, August 25: At the Tommy Hilfiger/La Face Records fashion show luncheon, SWV's Taj and Lelee walked the runway. 6. Method Man showed a suave new look at the show and (7.) afterward ran to the lobby, where loads of media gadgets were set up, to experiment with virtual reality. 8. Tommy Hilfiger model David Boxwilt, Heavy D (who emceed the fashion show), and Usher. 9. More than 4,000 people attended VIBE's second anniversary party, the final event of the seminar, at the Marriott Marquis. Of Dirty Bastard, who was not asked to perform, bum-rushed Doug E. Fresh's incredible performance. O.D.B. refused to leave the stage and finally had to be forced off. 10. The crowd in full effect. 11. Dre and Busta Rhymes. Collaboration in the works? 12. Reggae star Papa San and former Heavyweight champion Lennox Lewis. 13. Joi (yes, that is a white wig) took a break from working on her new album with Fishbone to drop in. 14. The Notorious B.I.G. ripped it for the crowd with "One More Chance." 15. Coolio and L.V. did "Gangsta's Paradise" with help from the New York Boys Choir. 16. A grown-up Kris Kross with Lauryn from the Fugees. 17. Model Phina and N'Dea Davenport from the Brand New Heavies. 18. Even after it was all finally over, Chicago's Common Sense continued to rock on.

Mimi Valdés



PHOTOGRAPHS BY: 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

	THE TOP 501 REASONS	
	REASON No.	011

STRUCTURALLY SOUND AT 1000 DECIBELS.



Black Owned

Some days it seems like if it wasn't for bad luck and trouble, black rock wouldn't have no luck at all. The field is fast becoming a wasteland with bands falling off left and right: Eye & I, the Family Stand, Living Colour, Bad Brains,

got the flavor. Sister looks good, sounds good, she got a life, her band is tight, her songwriting is flawless—so why ain't she got a record deal?

In Ramos and Ciro's minds, their deal went away when a promotion honcho from the company came down and witnessed their legion of nonwhite fans. "The guy had this look of absolute terror and fear in his eyes," says Ramos. "I know that look. I'm trying to be cool and make him feel comfortable, but he says, 'You know, I was surprised there were so many black people in your audience.' That was

and have kinky hair. I've always wanted acceptance, and how I get that is by communicating with people."

The band started out two and a half years ago doing R&B cover tunes; within six months they were approached by a major label with a half-million-dollar deal. "Unfortunately," recalls Ramos, "it was a rape deal where they wanted 50 percent of everything. They thought we were fresh out of the projects."

A woman of brash wit and intelligence, Ramos is nobody's fool, having survived homelessness and worse in her commit-

ment to be terrified. She would go into trances and say she was followed by this Indian spirit that used to come to her and tell her that she was the reincarnation of his wife. Just some heavy, heavy shit. So there's always been no question in my mind that there is a God and that we've had past lives.

"When I was 12, I was healed. I'd lost 40 percent of my hearing and was supposed to get an operation. My grandmother said, 'Why you gonna make your mother spend all that money? Why don't you let God heal you?' I felt like maybe I wasn't worthy because all I had was this hearing problem. So we went to a Spanish evangelist, they laid hands on me, and my ears popped right there. The next day I was supposed to have the operation and I'm this little kid telling my doctor, 'Jesus healed me, Jesus healed me.'"

Still fishing on this spiritual angle, I ask Ramos what book of the Bible she believes best exemplifies her life to date. "I relate to Job," she says. "I'm not into that Book of Genesis, man. Eve was framed."

Unlike Eve, Ramos is a fighter who doesn't flee when snakes show up in her garden. Asked about her worst gig experience, she recounts going ballistic and buck naked when a techie pulled the plug on her band mid-set at a New York club: "I pulled my pants down, mooned this guy. And I left them down. My twat was out and everything, and I said, 'Fuck my pussy, motherfucker! That's what you really want, right?' I was truly possessed. The crowd was crazy. I could have incited a riot. I was so stressed that I was crying, and I never cry, because I'm from the South Bronx and I've got to be this hard bitch all the time. But I felt so disrespected."

"It wasn't about sex, but 'How can I get back at this motherfucker?' I really wanted to hit him with the mike stand, but I thought I'd look like just another spic beating up on this guy, I'd look like a lowlife. I got more power than that. I got the power of the pussy, man. That shit is so powerful. I became like the 50-foot rock man of all a sudden." Rock on, Sophia. Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham.



SOPHIA'S TOY
Guitarist Michael Ciro, lead singer Sophia Ramos, drummer Leslie Ming, and bassist Eddie Martin cold rock it.

Sister looks good, sounds good, she got a life, her band is tight—so why ain't she got a record deal?

Follow for Now, 24-7 SPYZ—and that's only the crews that had record deals. In the case of this column's band of the hour, Sophia's Toy, they got dropped before their album was even released. As lead singer Sophia Ramos explains, it was because "the president of the company had decided that there was no market for female rock 'n' roll. The next week, Liz Phair made the cover of *Rolling Stone*."

Led by vocalist Ramos, 25, a Bronx-bred banshee of Puerto Rican descent, and guitarist Michael Ciro, 28, a six-string Sicilian slaughterhouse, Sophia's Toy—which includes bassist Eddie Martin, 30, and drummer Leslie Ming, 30—cold nips it live. Imagine Chaka Khan morphing into Ozzy Osbourne mid-wail, and you

it, end of the story."

Ciro adds, "There's a serious color barrier I've seen come up when we start playing. Mostly it's black and Latino people who are our supporters. If we play a mixed club, soon as we come onstage there's this separatism that occurs, like people feel it's not their music, like they shouldn't be able to understand it."

"I live with that shit every day," Ramos tersely muses, "being followed around in stores and shit, but when you play music, you hope that it'll transcend all that. I have a severe identity crisis from growing up in this culture and not being any one thing. Like being Puerto Rican, yet being an Afrocentric Puerto Rican and not being accepted because I'm not light-skinned

ment to her art. She connects with the energy of rock because, she says, it allows her to express "sheer rage for the sake of raging." When the suits at her former label ecstatically suggested she do her album in Spanish, she sent them and their visions of El Bario cash registers packing.

Ramos's pursuit of acceptance for her musical integrity finds parallels elsewhere, particularly in regard to her spirituality. Though she was raised Pentecostal (which, as Little Richard has taught us, will get any rock 'n' roller started on the good foot), her experience of things unseen happened closer to home. "There are no Santeros in my family," she says, "but I've always been naturally in tune with that energy because my mother is psychic. I

Bronx Banshee

By
Greg Tate



Voyeurs,
this Bud's for you.

Reebok

http://planetreebok.com © 1999 Reebok International Ltd. All Rights Reserved. REEBOK and the Reebok logo are registered trademarks of Reebok International Ltd. All Rights Reserved.

YEARS
SURF
AND
GET
IN
SOMEBODY'S
TALK
BUT
WHAT
ARE
YOU
SAYING
TO
DO
WHEN
YOU
LEAVE
THE

THE REEBOK VOOMERANG GOES EVERY

PLACE THEY'D RATHER YOU DIDN'T.

ANOTHER EXCUSE TO GET A LITTLE FACE-TIME WITH MANAGEMENT
ON PLANET REEBOK

© 1999 Reebok International Ltd.

Each generation must out of relative obscurity discover its mission, fulfill it, or betray it.

—Frantz Fanon,
The Wretched of the Earth

1996 is around the corner and the year 2000 is not that far behind. Young Americans of all different races, spiritual beliefs, sexual orientations, political and apolitical agendas represent the future of this nation. But our generation—the hip hop generation, Generation X, or however we choose to define ourselves—has yet to seize the moment and move to shape the ideas and policies that affect our lives.

This year marks the 30th anniversary of the Voting Rights Act, which abolished literacy exams as a prerequisite for voting and gave African-Americans throughout the nation equal access to the ballot box. It's also the 75th anniversary of the 19th Amendment, which gave women the right to vote, and it is 24 years since Congress lowered the voting age from 21 to 18. Despite all this, we now have a generation of young people—male, female, black, white, Asian, Latino, Native American—who, generally speaking, don't vote; who are largely unaware of the "revolution" Newt Gingrich and other conservative forces are leading in Washington, D.C.; and who feel their vote and participation in the political process wouldn't matter anyway.

While it would be foolish to argue that registering to vote and engaging in the process could change things overnight, it can make a difference, particularly in a close election. Voting also makes you eligible for jury duty in some states—and many of us have complained about how unfair some jury selections have been, particularly in high-profile cases.

Probably the single greatest reason for us to register and actually go on to vote is the fact that, for decades upon decades, men and women organized and protested and died for that right. That which was denied to them we now take for granted.

And that which is taken for granted can so easily be taken away.

But enough already: Get Up on It, a new monthly section we kick off in this issue—exactly 12 months before the next presidential election—simply means learning about and understanding the American political landscape. In other words, the goal is to present useful information on issues that affect you, our reader—affirmative action, reproductive rights, welfare reform, gun control, the war on crime, ongoing conflicts between government and the arts—as well as introducing you to the people who shape politics in this country: not only the candidates, but also other key figures from the Democratic and Republican parties as well as third-party and independent candidates, and community-based activists.

Additionally, Get Up on It will be comin' at you via VIBE Online, a VIBE hotline number, television and radio spots, and VIBE-sponsored public forums. All these elements will be united by a common mission: to break through the tired rhetoric that makes up so much political discourse in this country, to bring abstract concepts to life, to illustrate how vitally important it is to get involved in the decisions that determine our future. In short, Get Up on It aims to keep the topic of politics real for our readership.

If we are to succeed in this goal, it's very important for you to participate in the process. Tell us what issues matter most to you, what presidential candidates or political figures you want to hear from, and what political or social events are happening in your part of the country. If you think the whole system is wack, tell us that too. And tell us why. For Get Up on It to work, all of us have to get down with the program.

Research assistant: Ayana Byrd



BY KEVIN POWELL

HEY, Y'ALL! YOU SLEEP, YOU WEEP! Call VIBE's GET UP ON IT Hot Line, 212-563-VIBE, and let your voice be heard.

What issues matter most to you? Who do you want to hear from in this space? What's going on in your part of the country?

There is no fee for this call; only normal long-distance charges apply in the continental U.S. Press 5 to repeat question.

Any other questions? Call 800-64T-TUNE for more info. Services provided by TouchTunes Interactive™. If you are plugged in to the Internet, check out the Get Up on It page on VIBEonline's Web site, <http://www.vibe.com>. Feel the VIBE and GET UP ON IT!

GET UP ON IT

COLIN POWELL:

seen it at the very highest level. That does not make me a politician. In fact, even though I worked in the West Wing of the Reagan White House for two years in a very sensitive position, not one person in the Reagan White House will tell you today whether they think I'm a Republican or a Democrat.

Why is that?

I was an active duty military officer who lived by a code that says you never do anything that reflects a partisan political view. So I never registered either as a Republican or a Democrat. I always voted for the best man. It was a tricky act, but I pulled it off.

Could it be said then that you were a true politician?

I'm pretty good at solving problems. I'm pretty good at presenting cases. I'm pretty good at fighting with adversaries but not creating enemies. And I'm pretty good at fighting with friends without converting them into enemies. If that is what you mean by politics, yeah, I'm pretty good at that.

Where did you learn these negotiating skills?

I get the question from lots of young people: "What's the secret to success? What was the most important thing that ever happened in your life? What was your greatest failure? Who was your role model?" Life isn't like that. Everyone I ever ran into influenced me in some way. Some more good than others, some very, very much worse than others. I watched people I admired and people I didn't admire to see what they were doing right and doing wrong. So I had hundreds of role models. Don't think that there is some star that you can suddenly hitch your wagon to that's going to pull you up.

How did your roots form who you are?

My family and my roots meant a great deal to me. A warm, close, typically West Indian family with cousins running in and out. A series of expectations were conveyed to their children: You will get an education. You will get a job. You will do better than we did. And you will not shame the family. Now, you got any questions? All the things that you hear people talk about in terms of family values—even though we were poor in the South Bronx, we were all there.

You were just an average student in college, correct?

Yeah. I was smarter than I realized, and I also learned more than I ever displayed to the teachers at the City College of New York. I was a youngster without a great deal of direction through high school, and it was only when I hit ROTC in college that I found something I really loved and did well. I wasn't a great athlete. As a matter of fact, I was a pretty bad athlete. I flunked math, calculus, and physics. But thank heavens they counted ROTC toward your passing grade, so I was able to graduate.

Every young person should always be searching for something to do in life that they enjoy and they can do

well. Money is always a concern, but it's not everything.

Whenever someone becomes a potential candidate for president, people start picking apart their character.

People have said, "Well, he worked for Reagan, so he's one of them. He's some kind of Tom." But the next thing, they find I'm down at some black school, speaking to kids.

How do you react when you hear someone say things like that about you?

Their problem, not mine. I have always been proud of my Caribbean and African roots. I have never tried in any way to suggest that I wasn't part of the black experience and the black community. I manifested it through constantly talking about the black military experience in the United States, which is a unique kind of experience. It's the only profession that we've been able to participate in continuously for 250 years.

So I have never shied away from my origins, but I have also told youngsters, "We're Americans. We're not Africans and we're not Jamaicans. We have to live in this country in this time." While I am proud of being an Arawak Indian and West African and Irish, Scottish, and every other thing, and while I want to know about those roots, I also want to know about the roots of our democratic system.

I read a survey recently that said fewer African-Americans know who you are than white Americans.

It doesn't trouble me particularly. I work in an environment that is not that well known to all African-Americans. There's a limited penetration of the media in the African-American community. I wish that were not the case, but it is.

Do you ever feel like you're performing a balancing act?

I simply refuse to believe I have to perform a balancing act. Ask me what I am and I'll tell you. Ask me where I came from, I'll tell you. Ask me to deny that background, and I won't. But any job you give me, I will do to the best of my ability. Let others judge as to whether I'm too white, I'm too black, I'm too European in my thinking, or I'm not traditional Afrocentric. I can't spend time on that. I just gotta do what I think is right, and go with my instincts and training.

Hypothetically, if you became president, what could you bring to this country?

One of the reasons I am this political unknown is because both parties appeal to me in some ways. I am very Republican in my economic thinking. I am an absolute believer in free market economics. So I would do anything to keep businesses growing, to allow people to make as much money as their talents and hard work will let them. The government should do little more than make sure it's all being done honestly so that, in case greed starts to take over, workers are not being ex-

Colin Powell, 58, the four-star general who retired in 1993 as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, marches to his own beat. Currently on a national book tour pumping his memoir, *My American Journey*, Powell is also, in his own words, the first black to be seriously considered as a presidential candidate who is not simply a "protest vote." Unlike most politicians, Powell isn't afraid to speak his mind, as evidenced by this, his first print interview in two years.

The first question I'm going to ask is rather obvious. Are you going to run for president?

And you really think I'm going to answer? [Laughs] I was hoping... [Powell to Powell, [Laughs]]

Just between me and you, huh? I have spent the last two years traveling around the country learning about issues, and after my book tour is over—October, November—I will sit down with some close friends and with my family, and see how best I can serve the nation. It might be in politics, it might be in charitable or educational work, it might be an appointed office. Unlike most other candidates, politics is not my passion or profession. My thing was the army. But so many people are encouraging me that I will think about it very hard and pray on it with my family.

But you've been a White House Fellow. You rose through the Carter, Reagan, and Bush administrations. You've been around politics for the last 23 years at least.

I've been around politics for a long time. And I've

"And you really think I'm going to answer? [Laughs] I was hoping... [Powell to Powell, [Laughs]]"
"Let others judge whether I'm too white, I'm too European, or I'm not Afrocentric. I can't spend time"

GENERALLY SPEAKING

By Kevin Powell

plotted. But after that, I think the government should keep its hands off.

Having said that, I also realize that government does have an important role to play in taking care of citizens who are very needy—those who are losing faith, losing hope. Government has to play a role when the rights of citizens are being abused and there's nobody to stand up for those citizens. I certainly have been a beneficiary of that. So, with respect to social issues, I start to sound like a Kennedy Democrat.

You come from an immigrant family. What's your position on immigration?

If immigration is illegal, it ought to be stopped. I think the nation has benefited over the years by having a flow of new blood, new citizens, new culture, new color, come into the country. But there are practical limits to what we can absorb. And if we have laws, they should be obeyed. So I think we should do whatever is necessary to seal our borders to illegal immigration so that we can give all the advantages necessary to legal immigrants.

What about affirmative action?

My view, and I think the view of most Americans, is that affirmative action has been good for the country. It's easy to talk about, "Hey, climb up by your own bootstraps." But if you got no boots, what's the point? All you're doing is handing people rhetoric. Affirmative action was designed to put in place certain preferences to do away with preferences that existed for 200 years. It's not as if we invented preferences. Preferences for white people caused affirmative action to come in after the great civil rights legislation in the '60s.

But if some of these programs have gotten out of whack and are nothing but pure quotas that serve no social purpose, then I think we ought to get rid of them. The American people are willing to support affirmative action to make sure there's a level playing field. But we're not there yet. It was only two years ago that six Secret Service agents, dressed in nice suits, all college graduates, preparing to spend the day guarding the president of the United States, went into a Denny's restaurant in Maryland and weren't served. Don't tell me that we're color blind. It isn't there yet.

Why do you think so many people want you to run for president?

Because they're unhappy with the current political scene. People have a deep sense of anxiety. They don't like what they see in Washington, they don't like the screaming and shouting. The president has some serious character problems that he hasn't been

able to shake—Whitewater and other things. I'm not making a judgment. I'm just saying they're there.

You were decorated in Vietnam, and you directed Operation Desert Storm as well as the U.S. "invasions" of Panama and Somalia. Do you ever sometimes think to yourself, "My God, war is horrible"?

War is horrible. People ask, "Are you a hawk or a dove?" I don't get paid to be a hawk or a dove. I get paid to provide the best military advice I can to my civilian leaders, and to accomplish their political objectives in a way that minimizes the loss of American lives in combat. We know how to die in combat, but we don't like to die for unclear purposes. We don't like to die 'cause some columnist is excited. We don't send our young people in to die because Congress has been screaming up on the Hill. We send them in for clear purposes, because they've got parents.

Have you been back to your old neighborhood recently?

I was in the South Bronx two weeks ago with Barbara Walters. I walked right on my street and the years just peeled back. I felt like I was a kid again. I even bought Barbara Walters a biqua. Do you know what a biqua is?

Those ices?

Yeah. Scraped ice with syrup. Then I took all the cops from Fort Apache to White Castle for hamburgers. But there are pockets of despair. There are youngsters there who do not have the kind of family I had. They are parented by a woman with no husband. Either there never was a husband or the husband's in Rikers Island, or the husband can't get a job.

Could you have imagined finding yourself in this position 30 years ago?

Not at all. Along with the role model question, I get this question: "Did you ever dream that you'd be chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff as a kid?" There I was in the South Bronx, I didn't even know what the Joint Chiefs of Staff was. All I knew was I always tried to do the very best I could. Always getting myself ready for tomorrow, thinking about the day after, dreaming about the future.

The unique thing about this situation I find myself in—no matter what I do, whether I go into politics or not—an epochal event has occurred. That America would seriously consider a black man as the president of the United States. Not as sort of a protest vote that comes out of the civil rights community—you know, not like Jesse or Shirley Chisholm. To think that we have reached a point where it's possible for an American who is also a black American to be on the cover of magazines, to be interviewed and taken seriously—that, in and of itself, should tell every young person in America that there is nothing you cannot set your sights on.

And don't forget, there is no other place on the face of this earth—no country, no political system, no economic system, no social system, where these kind of achievements are possible than in the United States of America. So get mad sometimes, but it don't get no better than this. Is it perfect? No. Does it have some rough spots? Yeah. And what is our challenge? To fix it. But don't give up. It's the best there is. ■



POWER BROKER
The general in the Oval Office with Bush and friends, circa 1990

black, I'm too on that."



OFFICIAL TIMEKEEPER OF THE 1996 OLYMPIC GAMES.

swatch+
S W I S S M A D E



* FROM 98 TO 650 FEET DEPENDING ON STYLE.

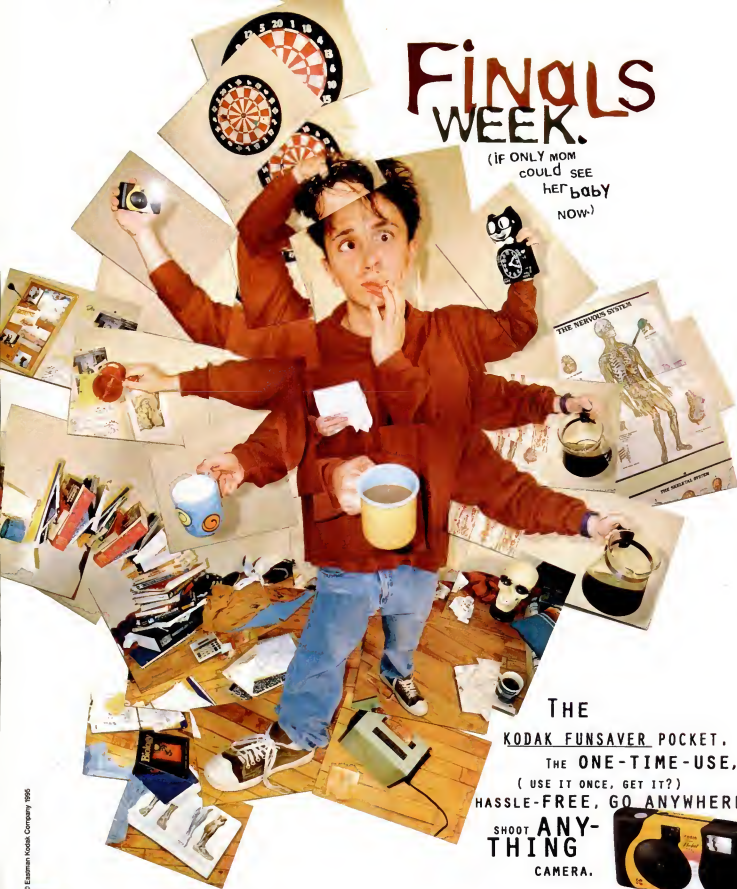
Comptex Reg. (MILANO) 1996/97



BLOOMINGDALE'S
BURDINE'S
ROBINSON'S • MAY
CARSON PIRIE SCOTT

FINALS WEEK.

(IF ONLY MOM
COULD SEE
HER baby
NOW.)



THE
KODAK FUNSAVER POCKET.

THE **ONE-TIME-USE,**

(USE IT ONCE, GET IT?)

HASSLE-FREE, GO ANYWHERE,

SHOOT **ANY-
THING**
CAMERA.



it's **YOUR LIFE.**
SHOOT IT OR LOSE IT.



NEW YORK IS JUST LIKE SKEE-LO PICTURED IT. SKYSCRAPERS AND EVERYTHANG. SKEE AND HIS PARTNER Pace observe Times Square at 1:00 in the afternoon: bustling people, flying cabs, gawking tourists, and the aroma of everything from pizza to fresh urine. A hit record has taken him far from his regular hangout—Los Angeles' Crenshaw Boulevard.

A van passes by and a dread, recognizing the short MC who was obsessed like Forrest Gump in the chart-topping video "I Wish," raises his fist in support. "What up, black? That shit is phatt!" Skee, 20, looks genuinely touched. "I knew the song could blow up," he says, "but not like this."

"I Wish" has those sunny, feel-good vibrations everyone can relate to: "I wish I was a little bit taller, I wish I was a baller / I wish I had a girl who looked good, I would call her." It's a song that takes rap back to its party roots, where a clever rhyme could make a listener forget for a minute just how "real" shit is.

"I like the old-school vibe," Skee says, remembering the Kirus Blow records he heard growing up in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., before moving to Riverside, Calif., at the age of nine. "There was something about it so down-to-earth. Now everybody's flossin'."

On his debut album, which is also called *I Wish*, Skee-Lo comes forth with unapologetic songs free of profanity. And his former regular at L.A.'s Good Life cafe has a surprising amount of ability for someone the critics are sure to call the next Fresh Prince. What people forget is that, for his time, the Fresh Prince was dope for exactly the same reason as Skee: his ability to tell a story, put himself down occasionally, and take the listener somewhere else, a place that isn't always so dark.

"I could talk all day about the bad things that happened to me in the past—one minute you're crying, the next minute somebody wants to put you in the grave," says Skee-Lo. "But I just look at it from a different perspective. There's something I want to talk about." —*Osvo H. Coker*

SKEE-LO
Little big man

NEXT

AZ
High on Sugar Hill

"VISUALIZING THE REALISM OF LIFE AND ACTUALITY," AZ shrieked atop the barbecued smoothness of last year's "Life's a Bitch." That tune—off Nas's incredible *Illmatic*—technically doubled as AZ's demo. Thereafter, the music industry and hardcore heads alike immediately recognized this mad talent and a bidding war erupted (EMI Records won by offering him a hefty contract). "That's the best feeling in the world," says AZ about the flurry of interested labels. "It made me feel like it was meant to be."

Back then, AZ (the Visualiza) was just another Brooklyn-based, part-time MC/full-time hustler. Now, as his debut single, "Sugar Hill," climbs the charts, a focused AZ is in the studio completing his album, *Doe or Die*.

He emerges from the recording chamber to meditate, spit game with his crew, and jot dynamic poetics into his hard-covered, black-and-white notebook. "It's my book of life," says AZ, 24, clutching it with a "leggo my Eggo" attitude.

Shining brighter in his mind, though, are the gold and platinum albums adorning the walls of the studio's lounge. "I want one of these for myself," he admits.

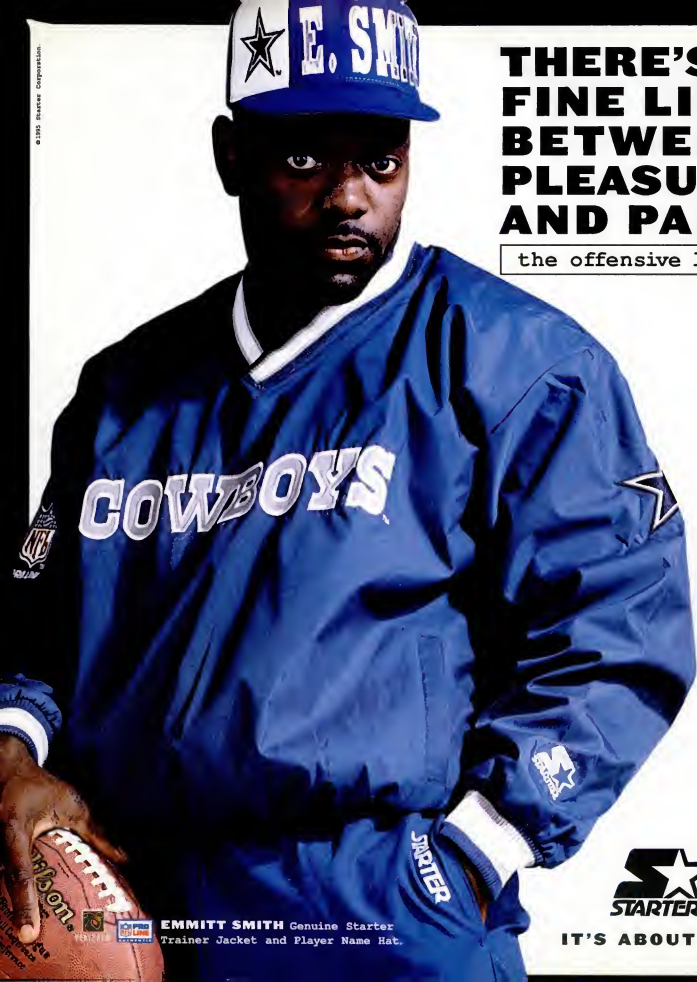
"My album is called *Doe or Die*, and that's just coming from a 'dough or die' perspective," says the fresh-faced AZ. "I'm willing to go all the way out—even if it means my own life—'cause cash rules everything."

In the thuggish, rugged streets of AZ's native East New York, the actual quest for dead presidents, without doubt, is ruthless. "It's coldness out there. They have no respect for human life," he says of his around-the-way situation. "In my part of town it just gets dark, even in the fuckin' summertime."

Luckily, AZ takes refuge inside the rhythmic walls of creation. He emerges as a scholar of ghetto sociology and a master storyteller who reports the realities of the day with front-line precision. "I just gather my thoughts and let my mind drift, 'cause overall, all we got is memories and dreams," he says. "Thinking about my peoples that I lost in the world—and those that's incarcerated—helps me feel like I gotta carry on the dream for those who never made it." *Sacha Jenkins*

**THERE'S A
FINE LINE
BETWEEN
PLEASURE
AND PAIN:**

the offensive line.



IT'S ABOUT TEAM

EMMITT SMITH Genuine Starter
Trainer Jacket and Player Name Hat.



DEBORAH COX

Voice of an angel

HERE'S A STORY THAT MAY HAVE A FAMILIAR ring: A fresh-faced beauty with a voice like an angel spends her teenage years singing in nightclubs. Shortly after graduating high school, she comes to the attention of Arista Records president Clive Davis, who signs her and begins recruiting the best producers and songwriters in the business to work on her debut album. By the time it's released, the baby diva is 21 and the subject of enough hype to launch a presidential campaign.

Ten years ago, this was Whitney Houston's tale. But in 1995, Toronto native Deborah Cox is the talented ingenue seemingly positioned to conquer the world. Her self-titled album features compositions by Babyface, Dallas Austin, and Keith Crouch, among others. Cox herself cowrote four songs, including the first single, "Sentimental," which she, Austin, and bass player Colin Wolfe put together in an Atlanta studio at about 2:00 early one morning. She composed the other two tracks with her longtime collaborator and friend Lascelles Stephens, a writer and producer on the underrated Toronto scene.

Cox became a singing pro at the tender age of 12, chirping out jingles for Canadian establishments such as Marvelous Muffins ("It's pronounced 'Mmmmarvelous Muffins'—like, with a lot of m's"). She credits her mother, a nurse for Toronto's Department of Health, with "doing the legwork." Involved in getting her to auditions and talent shows, and she's grateful to Stephens, whom she met in high school, for nurturing her creative instinct. "I had never really explored my songwriting ability before I met him," Cox says. "He helped me develop. That's why our chemistry is so cool." (So cool, in fact, that the two are currently dating.)

As for the inevitable comparisons to Whitney—Cox's

tone, timbre, and phrasing invite them as much as her life story does—this new talent really doesn't mind. "Whitney's a megastar, and I grew up listening to her, just as I'm sure every female vocalist my age did. So I take it as a compliment, because I respect her so much," she says. "But at the same time, I know I have something different to offer. I have my own niche."

Elysa Gardner

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERTO TOLOT

**THE
BOX**
presents

BIG PHAT ONES OF

HIP-HOP

Volume 1



SALT 'N' PEPA
R. KELLY
the notorious B.I.G.
WARREN G
RAPPIN' 4-TAY
PATRA
K7
SCARFACE
the 69 BOYZ
COOLIO
CRAIG MACK
METHOD MAN

The first in
an ongoing
series of
collections
compiled
from the
most
requested
songs in
the history
of **THE BOX**.



BOXtunes
SOUND BY SOUND

Available on CD, Cassette and now Home Video!

Compilation Producer: John Luongo • Executive Producer: Les Garland • Music Direction: John Robinson and Frankie Blue • Project Director: Jon Baum • Project Coordinator: Sandy Rubinstein

IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE BOX, CALL YOUR LOCAL CABLE COMPANY

CHILLIN' UPTOWN IN NEW YORK'S SPANISH HARLEM, ROLLIN' THROUGH the projects in Timbos, sipplin' on a 40-ounce: This is not another story about the next dope MC, but the life of a new R&B *boriqua* who's about to set it off.

His name is J. Quest, and he's a Puerto Rican singing the music that's been dominated by Mary J. Blige, Jodeci, and Bobby Brown. He's 19 years old and serenading with the same passion as his R&B forefathers Babyface, Luther Vandross, and Marvin Gaye. And finally, he's a product of the ghetto who's got a dream that's fast becoming reality with his debut album, aptly titled *The Quest Is On*....

When J. Quest (who was born John Raimundi) was 10, a recruiter from the New

York Boys Choir came to his school. J. was chosen and began touring the country with the organization as a featured soloist—who'd always steal the show. Five years later, he used his birthday money to record a demo tape in an old studio in Queens.

Coincidentally, J.'s sister was dating the brother of Tony Ortiz (formerly of the freestyle crew TKA). Ortiz checked him out and introduced him to Lisa Lisa, who in turn led him to super DJ Junior Vasquez. Sparked, Vasquez produced a few tracks for him and eventually J. was signed to Mercury Records. His flavor-filled first single, "Anything," with its head-knockin' beat, tricky ambient fades, and smooth soul crooning, has all the makings of a hit.

"Not to sound conceited or nothing, but I always knew it was due in time.

I felt I had skills, *man*," says J., who still lives with his parents in the projects in Spanish Harlem. "The first thing you learn out here is if you don't give it your all, you ain't gonna do nothin'." He says, lounging on a bench behind his building. "Either you tryin' to work, you tryin' to go to school, or you standin' on that corner. I'm tryin' to break out."

Music for me is just like an escape." Emil Wilbekin

J. QUEST
R&B *boriqua* on the set

NEXT

Any more power
and it would stand
up to your mom.



The new AIWA MiniMax™ NSX-999. 120 watts/Ch. 3-CD disc changer. Rear surround speakers with DSP and 3-way bass reflex speaker system. Rock the house. For a free AIWA catalog and your nearest AIWA dealer call 1-800-BUY-AIWA Ext. 405.

aiwa
Turn Me On™

THE VIBE

Upon the release of his new star-studded album, Q's Jook Joint, Quincy Jones addresses the state of black music and where we go from



here. By Scott Poulson-Bryant

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LANGE

Quincy Jones is a friend, a mentor, and the producer of three of my all-time favorite singles (his own "Stuff Like That," the Brothers Johnson's "Stomp!," and Rufus's "Any Love," for the record). But first and foremost, he's my boss. Yep—on the eve of his new album/forthcoming CD-ROM, *Q's Jook Joint* (which includes remakes of two of those top three)—I've been blessed with interviewing the founder of this very magazine. Sure, he's worked with some of the greatest musical talents of the last half-century, from Count

Basie to Chaka Khan, and he's produced the biggest-selling album (*Thriller*) in the history of pop music. But he's still my boss. Talk about a precarious position.

I've been there before, though. In 1992, shortly after we'd completed work on the preview issue of VIBE, Quincy and I limoed to Yankee Stadium to check out a U2 concert. We talked about everything that night: from music to movies, from the pros and cons of the Ivy League to the state of the supermodels. When we arrived, a security guy asked me if I was Q's bodyguard. As we made our way to the sound booth, another security guy asked what it was like to protect Quincy Jones. I suggested to Q that maybe I should resign from VIBE and work as his personal bodyguard. I could only sigh; Q could only laugh.

I wish you could hear that laugh. It's a luminous laugh, starting from down deep and shaking his whole body. I figured that if I could get him to laugh in the interview the way I got him to laugh that night at Yankee Stadium, we'd be good to go. We were. Our Founding Father speaks. Listen up.

What is the Quincy Jones sound?

I don't know...the sound of bonding with whatever person I'm working with. It's the sound of love, of creating with that person, saying I love whatever sounds they make.

Joak Joint was almost like a live thing. It was gonna be a big band album. I had things I'd done before and wanted to do a new way. Like "Cool Joe/Mean Joe (Killer Joe)" done a brand-new way, or "Moody's Mood for Love." I feel like a gatekeeper for "Moody's Mood" because I started with James Moody, who's on the album. The whole thing began with him because his sax solo in 1949 inspired Eddie Jefferson to write a verse that became the first classic vocalese—"There I go, there I go"—which has been around forever, like the national anthem. I used to work with Moody and King Pleasure, and arranged for Moody when I first went to New York, for \$12 an arrangement. He really took care of me when I was young.

This time Take 6, Rachelle Ferrell, and Brian McKnight do "Moody's Mood." It was always my dream to do it with James Moody again—and at the end of it they say, "Come on in if you want to, we're through." And he does. That was the dream of my life. He's 70 years old and playing as strong as he ever played in his life.

What else was special for you about making this album?

Seeing these young people wear it out. It's important that we keep fusing all the best we have; it's like family. R. Kelly singing with Naomi Campbell, Aaron Hall, Kellely Wilson, and Ron Isley on a Kelly song called "Heaven's Girl." And Babyface, Portrait, SWV, and Barry White on "Slow Jams," which Rod Temperton wrote. And the young singer Tania—who'll be the next Qwest star—on "You Put a Move on My Heart."

It's obviously important to you that you keep those cultural connections.

Yeah, man, 'cause it's too much good stuff. There's nothing we've created that is disposable. It's like a relay thing. Black music is the only music I know that's the whole voice of one people. I hear it in the slang—Lester Young and Basie were talking about "homeboy" 50 years ago.

Before Back on the Block, there was still a generational line between hip hop and the rest of black music. Then you came along with rap right alongside jazz and black pop. Was that your

idea—to address that shift?

Of course. This is our latest black baby, man. It needs to be nurtured and respected and evolved.

Does it only speak to you on a musical level?

Nah, it's about a sensibility, an attitude, a lifestyle. The bebop thing was like that too: so much style and flavor, from the colloquialisms to the way you walked or acted. I like that.

Do you listen to everything?

Almost. You have to give everything one

shot. If it's happening, I go back. You have to. It's only 12 notes. Everybody has a different flavor of what they want to do with them. Whether it's classical or Third World.

Hip hop has become a major topic of debate as this election rolls around.

You can't be isolated and just take a look at the 'hood. Everything affects everything else. Look at all the issues the Republicans are bringing up—they all have black faces on them, from affirmative action to crime to welfare.

Considering the attacks against hip hop, what would you like to say publicly about the issue?

The hip hop community should take matters into their own hands and police themselves to respond to all the attacks and evaluate accordingly. It should not be a situation that works from the outside in. The young people I talk to, like Snoop Doggy Dogg—it's nice to talk about partying and 40s and all that, but you gotta get in there and know what's going on.

It transcends black and white issues?

Much bigger than that. A lot of the rappers say they don't want the responsibility of being role models, but let's face it: They are. I got to know Tupac, who was dancing on my head for a while. We sat down and had a really warm talk. He said we talked about some things he always wished he'd talked to his father about. And the connection was beautiful. Because it was volatile at first. Same thing with Snoop Dogg. He reached out, we finally sat down and had a beautiful talk. I fell in love with him. I saw Eazy two days before he died. It's time for everyone to throw what juice they have together to try to find a way that everyone can feel comfortable about living to 50. [Laughs] I'm already 62, so it would be nice for young people to look forward to that.

What about how these issues affect big business—for instance, the way Time Warner is confronted with the Interscope situation, or when the government begins to inform people

See, that's when it's going too far. Because we have too much history behind us. I have to question the people who determine what is and isn't going across the line. You're dealing with the First Amendment first, so that's before we even get to aesthetics. Like, compare Eric Clapton's "I Shot the Sheriff" to the "Cop Killer" thing. Fair enough, they're talking about how it refers to kids and all, but who is qualified enough to stand in judgment and say, "You can listen to this and not that"? That's bullshit. Nobody's going for that.

Are you in favor of sticking records?

Yeah. I think they should know what they're getting. Nobody should be surprised. That gives the parents—and a lot of African-Americans feel the same way—a way to know what they're getting into. Kids gonna be into it anyway. If it's a platform for rebellion, that's one thing. If it's just brain pollution, that's something else. My dream would be that the hip hop nation, as well as all of our music, would constantly take a shot at being

a guiding light, to show people some sunshine instead of clouds.

We can report the conditions as they are. But right after diagnosis, there needs to be prescription. I can listen to diagnosis all day long, but we need to fix it, find out what's wrong. Okay, you got gangrene, we gotta amputate or whatever. But sitting around and

"THE WHOLE COMMUNICATIONS."

mulling about gangrene too long—it'll just fall off, you know? And so the prescription, the solution, is real important. I'd love to see the rappers flip and become that incredible force they are, the ones who give a lot of hope to young people.

IN Q'S HOUSE

Stevie Wonder, Babyface, Tania, Q, daughter Kidada Jones, Coolio, and Yo Yo



A lot of the rappers I talk to want to be involved in something positive too. They don't have to change their style. Basically, they just have to develop a politic, something they really believe in, not just being famous or making money—that ain't enough. Gettin' paid is fine—they're supposed to get paid. It's just that on top of success you have to put style and grace, and grace also involves caring about something outside of yourself. It's great you got it made, but there's a lot who don't.

"WE CAN REPORT THE CONDITIONS AS THEY ARE. BUT RIGHT AFTER DIAGNOSIS, THERE

The best thing you can do with that fame is help someone else get out of trouble.

As much as you appreciate the past, you look ahead for real inspiration. Talk about your interest in the booming cyberspace/interactive medium. Does that grow from your natural interest in building the future?

I thank God every day that one of the things he gave me was vision, strong vision, and it's a no-brainer to see that we are moving from the agrarian age to the indus-

trivial revolution to the age of information. It's very simple, the digital way.

How would you like to be involved in this new-media stuff?

All the way in. [Laughs] A cyberfunk punk.

MTV was just talking about policing on-line behavior—Who's gonna do that? Tell me—

And how? Fifty-six nations, millions of people—

now? What's interesting?

Do you find that the categories speak to you in different ways?

That's what I like about the diversity. I don't look at it as "mogul." It's an extension of what I've been doing my whole career. It's just the battle of the blank page. You always start there. The whole communica-

I was reluctant to do it, 'cause I was busy and stuff. He came over to the house—

"You Can't Win" is one of his finest moments on record.

Thank you. You know, he didn't have a song in the picture when we started. That was put on after we got started. He tore it up. I'm glad you liked it.

Will you and Michael ever work together again?

OR ENTERTAINMENT BUSINESS IS JUST BASED ON TWO THINGS: A SONG OR A STORY."

It's a collective, and that's what's beautiful.

You probably like the improvisation of it too.

Exactly. It's gonna change civilization. It will pull individualism back into focus, which I like. And people will have to reevaluate a few things. But that's okay.

tions or entertainment business is just based on two things: a song or a story. Everything else is just accommodations. You don't call the singer or the producer or anybody else until you got the song. Same with a story; you don't call the stars or director or cinematographer until it's done. The premise is just the melody. VIBE is a melody—

We have to get in tune every so often.

That's right, man, get the notes right, tune up. [Laughs]

A lot of the young music moguls look up to both you and Motown chairman Clarence Avant, the godfather of the black music business.

Clarence—we go back a long way. We had a similar path in that we were always interested in what's happening right now, but still bringing our roots out. That's why artists like Stevie Wonder and Marvin Gaye were such giants—they brought all the greatness of the past into what they did. It's a scratch, but it's really true: If you know where you come in' from, you know how to get where you goin'. Donny Hathaway too. Those artists know what happened before. They don't think they just invented a whole brand-new music. There's not much new—

Twelve notes—

And black folks been messin' with them notes a loooooong

time, a long time. To me, with all the music that's available to the whole planet, from Kabuki, bagpipes, string quartet, all of it, the entire planet cleared their mind to adopt the music of the Delta and South Side of Chicago as their Esperanto, to satisfy the need of their soul. That's a strange social phenomenon, and that's something I wish every young person in the 'hood or out of the 'hood would remember. That's a heritage that they should be very proud of. That's part of the spine that

I don't know that we have the time. This company takes a lot of time. I saw what an effort it was to do my own album, and it's unrealistic for me to say that I can ever be a record producer again in the sense that I was before. I can't even do it for artists on my own label like Tevin. It's hard. I tried, but I have to be realistic, and there comes a time when you have to pull back and just see the overview, the big picture.

And what's the overview for you?

To make sure these dreams that we're chasing materialize. So that they work like they have never worked before.

You've been called "crossover" in a critical way, from "We Are the World" to The Color Purple to the success you've had with M.J., even to some of your personal relationships. How do you respond to that kind of criticism, about your desire to move beyond the sphere of "black"—for instance, in the way Tupac addressed that stuff?

That's the way it is. We're in a world with a lot of different people. I'm always gonna take people at face value—one-on-one—that means everybody. In my experiences and background, that's what you base your life on. Everybody has the right to do their own thing their own way. That's your God-given right.

So it doesn't become an issue?

No no no, nobody can have an issue about how I live my life. [Laughs] Nobody has that right. You do exactly what you want to do. I don't tell anyone how to live their life; don't tell me how to live mine. I let my conscience be my guide. I was lucky enough to get out of the country when I was 19 years old and see the world. It opened up my scope. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. I'm not gonna feel bad about that—that's a gift from God, to expand your horizons and not get hung up in the little myopic segment of your existence.

You gotta keep your mind engaged in something. I keep mine engaged all the time. Always done that, to escape adversarial conditions. I just crawl in there to try to convert whatever's going wrong into something that's right.

That's where your imagination serves you best.

That's the truth, man. It's about survival. If you live your whole life guided by external forces, you're dead before you even die.

How will you respond to people who ask about your being on the cover of your own magazine?

How come it didn't happen earlier? What took so long? [Laughs] I mean, it's my baby, my dream. But other than special circumstances, I don't try to get in that. And you got a record to sell...

I get on the cover of other magazines. I think it's pretty natural. Don't you?

In some ways. It's the kind of thing we have to approach with a sense of humor.

Right, right.

To ensure that we don't come off looking like we're—

Pompous—

Yeah, pompous.

[Laughs] We're not pompous people, though. ☐



There are those who talk about how African-Americans will get left behind.

That's what I'm concerned about. It's one thing to not read and write, but if you get left behind on that information highway, it'll be fierce, 'cause the separation is so wide it'll be pathetic. Everything runs on education and awareness. A lot of the platforms involved in this technology are gonna help the educational system. It's inevitable, I know that's what's gonna happen.

NEEDS TO BE PRESCRIPTION. THAT'S REAL IMPORTANT."

I wanted to talk to you about your status as a media mogul. You started off arranging and playing; now your company QDE produces The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air, In the House, Jenny Jones; you've founded this magazine; you're getting into cyberspace; and you still make your own albums. Was this always a dream of yours?

Yeah, that's the bebop sensibility—an awareness, a hipness. Hip hoppers have it too. You want to be dealing with the hippest route. What's happening

helps you grow and evolve as a human being.

You've produced one of the biggest-selling singles and the best-selling album in the world: "We Are the World" and Thriller. Talk about your work with Michael Jackson.

I met Michael at Sammy Davis's house. He was 12. I met everybody at 12: Michael, Aetha, Stevie, Tevin. [Laughs] Did I meet you at 12? You see that there's something blessed and special there. I didn't see him again until he was 18, and I was musical director for The Wiz.

Okay, you've done
the goatee thing.

Now can we
all just move on.



Dewar's



Dancing Queen Label, Blended Scotch Whisky 40% ALC/VOL (80 Proof) © 2014



Kandi Burruss, Tameka Cottle, Latocha Scott, Tamika Scott

Xscape From Atlanta

With the release of their second album, *Off the Hook*, Xscape feel so good. *Mimi Valdés* finds out why

Xscape are having sound-check drama. The mikes ain't loud, the speakers aren't working, and the band doesn't sound quite right. Sisters Tamika and Latocha Scott, Tameka "Tiny" Cottle, and Kandi Burruss are diligently preparing for a concert at the Roxy in their hometown of Atlanta—a show that will kick off a three-month tour. The sound check, which should have taken 20 minutes, lasts more than an hour, so Xscape finally give up, hoping the sound technicians will fix everything in time for tonight's performance.

What these ladies are promoting is their sophomore album, *Off the Hook*—a collection of songs that proves how much they've grown since 1993's *Hummin' Comin' at 'Cha*. Not that their debut was a failure (it went double platinum, with big singles like "Just Kickin' It" and "Understanding"), but *Off the Hook* does a much better job of showcasing the girls' strong vocal skills.

These southern ghetto girls honed their talents in the Mt. Olive Church of God youth choir in College Park, Ga. (just outside Atlanta)—none of the four have ever had formal voice lessons. In 1990 they created Xscape and two years later got the attention of producer Jermaine Dupri while singing at a Martin Luther King Jr. birthday celebration. They became the first artists signed to Dupri's So So Def Records. "Every time I see 'em perform," says Dupri, "I always hear people saying, 'Damn, I didn't know they were like that.' They take performing really seriously—it's what sold me on them to begin with."

"We've grown up a lot," says Latocha, 23, about their new album. "We did more ballads this time, so we had to have better clothes—look more classy and feminine."

"Now we have a dope stylist," Tamika, 20, adds. "We tell her what we want, and she comes back with 20 things that fit our personalities."

"Last year," says Kandi, 19, "we would just go to the mall with Jermaine."

Their success has also brought the girls even closer together—they're constantly laughing and screaming on one another. They show each other mad love. Preparing for the road, they keep reminding one another to pack necessary items (panty liners,

according to Latocha, are the most important things to have on hand).

Yeah, they argue, but no one stays angry for very long. "If two of us are having an argument, the other two will watch and make fun," says Kandi. And their constant prayers throughout the day (before meals and shows) help them deal with everything and anything that comes up. In fact, their faith helped them all get through Tamika's surprise pregnancy last year (she now has an infant daughter, O'shun).

Xscape still live outside Atlanta, still have the same friends, and still go to the same church. They open their own fan mail and try to maintain relationships with their supporters by calling them up and just being friendly.

They don't, however, allow fans in their hotel rooms after shows—except for once, last year in Texas, when three Army officers walked into their room, stripped, and danced butt-naked to BLACKstreet's "Love's in Need" for about an hour. Only Tamika, Kandi, and some friends—who waved dollar bills during the spectacle—were witness to the event. "When they left, we were screaming. I'd never been so disappointed in my life with brothers, *okay?* 'Cause brothers are usually, you know..." says Tamika, with a sly smile, referring to the officers' inadequate jimmy sizes.

Strippers aside, though, the strength of the group lies in their own absolute love of performing. "Being onstage is the best thing," Tamika says.

"And we all can sing lead," adds Tiny, 20. "We're not like other girl groups—where one does lead and the others do backup."

The one-girl-lead formula is in fact often the case with female groups. "That's why back in the day, I used to feel like we had something to prove," says Kandi. "Just Kickin' It" was our first single—we did not want it to be—and it was, like, this laid-back singing."

"Like the Barney song," screams Tamika before she and her sister break into the purple dinosaur's "I love you / You love me" theme, laughing at the same time.

Kandi, though, wants everyone to know that Xscape are no baby-girl group and that they have skills. "Every time someone asks us to sing," she says, "I feel like we should—so people'll know what time it is." ■



"THE GOLD EXPERIENCE
WANTS 2 TAKE U HIGHER.
U MAY NEVER COME DOWN.
THIS IS ♀'S BEST COMPLETE RECORD SINCE
1987'S SIGN 'O' THE TIMES..."

-VIBE

♀ - THE GOLD EXPERIENCE

© 1995 NPC / WARNER BROS. RECORDS

KRS
ACT LIKE YA KNOW
ONE



Teacher, philosopher, lecturer, blast-
master, hip hop prophet. Will the real
Kris Parker please stand up? By Joe
Wood. Photographs by Josef Astor

Even among rappers, the Teacher has a reputation for arrogance. Had I not known this before we met, I would certainly have learned by watching him school the worshipful interviewer slotted ahead of me. The journalist was rapt as Kris bragged about his work ethic, his plans for a wordless rap album and a manual for MCs, his various theories about personal conduct, feminine spirituality, entertainment, and world peace. I wasn't rapt: KRS-One talked so exhaustively about himself that I found myself yawning during the wait and hoping to get away as quickly as possible.

Which would have been a mistake. When Kris and I finally talked, the bombast he dished me was leavened with the flashes of wit and insight familiar to listeners of the Blatmaster's eight albums, especially his latest salvo, simply titled *KRS-One*. He is justifiably proud of those "educational" moments and the enviable career they have earned for him. "Having lectured at Harvard, Yale, Vassar, Columbia, NYU, and Stanford," his press bio announces, "KRS-One is rightfully nicknamed the Teacher." Though KRS now says the Teacher role originated at a marketing strategy, the persona—and its attendant bullshit—also plainly come from Kris's own strange and lucky and unlucky life.

Bom Lawrence Parker in Park Slope, Brooklyn in the summer of 1965, the rapper left home at 14 to play basketball and read books free of the gaze of the authorities (his mother and the New York City public school system). He landed in a homeless shelter in the South Bronx, where he was dubbed Krishna by residents because of his interest in the Hare Krishna spirituality of some of his antipathy workers. By the time Krishna met youth counselor Scott Sterling, he was also writing graffiti as KRS-One (Knowledge Reigns Supreme over Nearly Everyone). Together he and Sterling, a.k.a. DJ Scott La Rock, created Boogie Down Productions, releasing their landmark debut album, *Criminal Mind*, in 1987.

After Scott's murder later that year, the Teacher's rep blossomed; KRS-One seemed fired up with a desire to bear witness to American hypocrisy. This mission—despite its didacticism—won him a great deal of hip hop respect, and money. Yet Kris never let go of his homelessness ethos or the blend of survivalism and Krishna consciousness he'd learned while living on the street. "The minute you hold on to something," he says cheerfully, "you are going to be destroyed by your attachment to it." Instead, he has privately made a point of avoiding investment in any one approach to politics or spirituality, and maintained a wide range of sincerely felt but frequently contradictory positions.

These contradictions can manifest cynicism, opportunism, confusion, and straight-up ignorance. Through the Stop the Violence movement he organized in 1989, the rapper became hip hop celebrations of violence, while 1992's *Sex and Violence* featured gun blather by mediocre MC Freddie Foxxx. During one creatively sluggish period, KRS advocated a vague humanism in the form of pet projects HEAL (Human Education Against Lies); during another he and his boys beat down poor Prince Be of P.M. Dawn. And though he has spent much of his career criticizing capitalism, the Teacher's new album counsels rap novices to sell a consistent image—as he did—while tailoring the content of one's work to suit current trends.

Perhaps the Teacher should no longer be taken seriously. Parker's mission to educate seems to be taking a backseat to other interests, including cheerleading for old-school artistry (in August, he headlined an "old-school throwdown" with longtime rival MC Shan), producing artists like Mad Lion and Channel Live, and run-

ning his management company, Front Page.

But at the same time, KRS-One is now making some of the best records of his career. "He's in a good mood today," said his publicist just before she ushered me in. Kris and I laughed a lot during the conversation; I enjoyed the several hours we spent discussing his life, opinions, contradictions, foolishness—maybe I was rapt.

Then it was time to leave, and he offered me a copy of his MC's manual. He signed it with a big laugh. I didn't look at the inscription until I got home. "Everything," he had written in big graffiti-style letters, "is a lie!"

Of your new album, you attribute your longevity to success in marketing your image. Doesn't selling the image of being a teacher conflict with actually being a teacher? Only because the mainstream graphics in our mind say what the teacher's not supposed to be or that this is what the teacher is supposed to be.

It's not just because of mainstream graphics. It's because— Mainstream graphics! You have to understand that I'm living several separate lives at once. I have a black-white life, KRS, which is—to the drug dealers out there—the ultimate hardware. They say, "KRS, keep it real!" Or "Spark mad izm!" Or "Jump P.M. Dawn!" They express their version of love toward me in the best way they know how. A drug dealer might offer me 16 on the kilo or a pound of herb to show how I can get down with their business. It's up to me to say, "I'm chilling," or not. In doing that you become hypocritical but at the same time you become very universal.

When the Teacher jumped P.M. Dawn, he didn't seem universal. But the hypocrisy was clear.

Looking back on that, it was a triumph for hip hop and a setback for KRS-One. That was the first time a believed-to-be-hardcore artist took a playful reaction to a believed-to-be-commercial artist. Half of my audience was, like, "Yeah!" The other half were, like, "We thought you were an intelligent brother!" Most of the intelligentsia in my world despise violence because they don't understand it. My sales dropped considerably after that, but I became the real shit. And my intelligent audience is coming back because I'm the only one left. There's no Public Enemy—not the group who put out *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back*. There's no X Clan or Poor Righteous Teachers. I'm the only one left in 1995.

Your intelligent audience wants a teacher with integrity.

Well, I'm on the lecture circuit. I'm a professor. I have honorary degrees. I expound on reality with other people who have studied this for 10 or 20 years. On the university circuit I am a very established and well-known lecturer on philosophy. And they detect that image of this gangsta.

So you have conflicting existences.

You know what some people say? "KRS: the founder of 'gangsta rap.' *Criminal Mind* was the first gangsta rap album." And I say no, it's not. N.W.A.'s *Straight Outta Compton* was. Or maybe just let's say the album was the main thing is that before *Criminal Mind*, rappers were characters. After *Criminal Mind*, rappers became the everyday people on the corner. Realism. I saw what Run-DM.C., for example, was characterizing themselves to be—though in real life they were as real as me.

How do you plan to make your black-white reputation and your professional teachings fit together more coherently—without contradiction?

Let me define the contradiction. I appear to be contradictory only because I look at the whole of a situation. And when you look at the whole of a thing, there's no such thing as right/wrong, good/bad, up/down, right/left. It's everything at once that you look at. You

don't ground yourself in one thing. You say "I'm a Buddhist" to Buddhists. And you be true to Buddhism. Study it, know it, and when you expound on it, speak. But when you're in a church, you say "I'm a Christian." And know Christianity and study it. Then when I'm on the corner with the Five Percenters, I'm God. Straight up. "The black man is God." And expound on that and study that and know it. But they're all real!

Slippery.

I am whatever the moment is. So anyone who is looking to study KRS has to know who I am at this particular moment. And I'm true to that moment. As much as I debate and critique and talk about Christianity, if I was in a church I would say none of it.

But isn't that irresponsible?

You cannot give the mind that which it cannot digest. *How do you know they cannot digest it?*

Because when the student is ready, the teacher will appear. Not the other way around.

So what are you teaching?

I'm questioning the history of God altogether, and why we call God a man and not a her. The European invasions of Africa and the slave trade are the ways of God as a man. In Africa, the goddess was the creative force of the universe. If you live in a society that only gives power to a man, you create a society that can only analyze what's been created, rather than creating anything for itself. Human society will have to reach a balance. Put aside the concept of God as a man, and respect the concept of the earth goddess.

Is that all?

KRS-One is teaching "reality." That's a very vague word. Reality in this sense: I think human beings must react to the real conditions affecting that human being's survival. If that human being does not react to the real conditions affecting its survival, it will destroy itself. In a nutshell, the KRS-One teaching is: In order to survive as a human being, you have to be nonattached to your memory and past experiences.

In the past you've said history is central.

In a historical context. In a historical environment.

Everything is a historical environment.

No, I would say everything is words and pictures. Because history ain't really history. History, no matter how you look at it, is a lie. Because we weren't there. Every aspect of history is someone's interpretation of it.

Right. But not necessarily a lie. Lie is a very loaded word.

All human beings are liars because all human beings live in ignorance. We live in ignorance.

And always will?

Some human beings are more aware than others, who are not aware. If you know that you are ignorant, silence is golden. If you decide to speak, you're a liar.

So you lie?

Yep.

All the time.

Yep.

Intentionally?

Intentionally only because I know I speak out of ignorance. I'm not plotting to turn the minds of people in my direction by altering the truth.

I didn't think you were. But it seems to me that a lot of times your ignorance is obvious. Sometimes it's clear that you haven't tried to do any studying. I want to ask you about books.

I don't do much reading anymore.

Why not?

Because I realize that I'm only reading the opinions of [another] person. And I don't want to hear nobody. [Laughs] Let me clarify that statement. I'm into conversations. And I'm really getting into meditation.

Why can't you read and converse and meditate?

Hmmm... well, you're in the middle of a working thought. So you're actually at where my thinking is actually at. Now I don't think that this thinking is right or not. It is just where I am today. I feel that if I can truly study me and know who I am and how I really feel about and react to certain things, I can turn that on to the rest of the world and define at least a portion of society.

What kind of books were you reading in the past?

I've read every pro-black book I can find on the market. I've studied every philosopher from Aristotle to Martin Luther King, who I think was the last philosopher. I know what book knowledge is. Book knowledge basically just repeats itself over and over and over again.

People do too.

No. People can't repeat themselves, because they must react to the present. Books are trapped. They are what they were.

But at the same time books can be useful in the present because they can help you understand and how you got here.

But what if you're caught up?

So you feel that you're caught up? You've read enough?

Yeah.

[Laughter] *What are the things to read so that our readers can feel they've read enough?*

They should read all Bibles. They should start with the reading of the Bhagavad Gita and the Koran. If they'd like to further their study and get a little more deep, they can branch off into certain philosophers of these books. There's also a book by Will Durant, named *The Pleasures of Philosophy*—very good book for updating yourself in terms of philosophy. I would read all the pro-black stuff. Meaning Diop, Ivan Van Sertima, Dr. Frances Cress Welsing, and Dr. Yosef Ben-Jochanan's work.

You've read Frantz Fanon?

What's the title?

The Wretched of the Earth. It's a basic text.

No.

How about James Baldwin?

Yeah, but not from that philosophy perspective.

I meant from the "pro-black" perspective.

No. I don't know, maybe I'm wrong, but James Baldwin seems like an Afro-American to me. The poetry of Marcus Garvey is more pro-black.

Fredrick Douglass?

House nigger. Straight up. He sent the whole fucking country to war—he tricked Africans to go fight for their freedom in the Civil War when he knew that the war wasn't about freedom. He tricked the whole nation. He was a fuckin' sellout.

He didn't need to trick anybody to get slaves to fight for their freedom.

Only a small percentage of the slaves thought they were slaves.

What do you mean by that?

The reality of slavery is not the reality that we have today. The history of slavery is taught to us in blocks of revolts, lynchings, murders, laws, and wars. Then they're clouded up with who was president at certain times or who was the one who spoke out at that time. And you might get folklore in. Like the guy who bust his heart trying to throw a coal machine and died.

John Henry.

This is history. That's not real history from the perspective of how it's taught to those people on the street out that window. But if you go to the 23rd century, and look back on 1990 to '95, it will look identical to slavery.

No.

What would be the difference? The only difference between then and now is technology. Wage slavery exists

today, identical to chattel slavery. Today, we don't have to do work with our hands. We direct a machine to do it. But the concept is still intact.

I think chattel slaves were dealing with circumstances that are far worse than most people have to deal with today.

Most slaves were happy.

What?

This is documented history. The only slaves that spoke out against society were like me. To whom people say, "Why are you so angry?" Out of 100 percent of slaves, 20 or maybe 10 percent of them were, like, "We need to free ourselves. We need to get off this shit."

That's ridiculous—the slaves knew they were living in misery. But let's look at the people you say are speaking out, the people who want to teach mind revolution. Some folks say that if people like you really can teach through rap, it's all also make folks mindlessly violent. So that rap should be regulated.

Well, that's arrogance. Because they can't really censor us. The more you do to rap, the bigger it gets.

But Snoot and them are being targeted.

Same thing. The way to destroy Snoot is... hmmm. Maybe I shouldn't say that, [Laughter] I'll say this: It's the world of opposites. Rap is created under constant oppression. The more you want to lock me up and shut me up, the stronger I go. So the more you do that to Snoot, the bigger he's going to get. You can't destroy rap. Only the people can destroy rap.

I think all of hip hop music is positive. There is no such thing as negative. I'd like to introduce a new word, *negativity*. It is the final expression of the slave mentality that Snoot and them are dealing with. They've said it themselves: They're real niggas. The nigga mentality is really the ghetto mentality.

Personally, I'm tired of the macho posturing in the music. Is rap on a creative uprising or downswing?

I think rap is on an upswing. But only because I'm here.

What do you mean?

I take responsibility for rap's positive image. And so, yes, rap is on an upswing. It's just where you place your perceptions. If you're looking at Snoot—Snoot could be a positive thing to people in Long Beach. Eventually Snoot is going to do a positive record. It's natural. Eventually I'm going to put out another gun-buck. "Let Lion 'em all!" Actually, I'm manifesting that through Mad Lion. [KRS produced Mad Lion's "Shoot to Kill" and "Take it Easy," and books the raggamuffin hip hop artist through his Front Page agency.] But rap is on a positive swing, because I know what my influence is going to be.

Biggie Smalls seemed upset about your saying, "I am hip hop."

When I say "I am rap," it's not that anybody else isn't. It's my philosophical thing: I think we are not doing rap, it's what we are. It was a big misunderstanding—Biggie mistaking my philosophy for ego. Then he said he was drunk, and he wasn't himself that day, and it just came out. I consider him a friend, so he should be able to speak his mind.

How do you expect rap to change in the next 10 years?

It's reality-check time. You're going to have to be a rap artist and a break-dancer. Or a rap artist and a graffiti artist. Because soon, to keep your hardcore edge, you're going to have to be able to do the other aspects of hip hop. Soon. In a few minutes, graffiti is going to be as big as rap was or is. Moneywise and fame-wise. Break dancing the same way.

Are you linking hardcore to financial success?

Let's define hardcore. To me being hardcore is when you hit the core of your audience hard. To me, R. Kelly is hardcore. In the R&B world, it's all about sex, sex, sex. But some artists like to beat around the bush about it.

Then you got R. Kelly, who'll take his clothes off and say, "Come suck me." In fact, the more money you make, the more hardcore you can be—the more you manipulate the videos, radios, TVs. Snoot could be on the cover of VIBE and shoot two people. [Snoop was charged with murder in August 1993, the same month he appeared on VIBE's cover.] That's hardcore.

So you think Snoot is going to become a graffiti artist?

I think he's going to have to study that or break dancing if he wishes to survive in this game for the next 10 years.

Because the business is cyclical.

Rap might have outlived its flair. Its newness. It's becoming mainstream society now. Whenever Kentucky Fried Chicken or Coca-Cola openly and readily accepts you, you're no longer the underground, no matter how you slice it. I think people—especially people in America—are always looking for the underground. What is real. What is the true expression. And rap is losing its true-expression badge. There's no such thing as an underground artist anymore, especially if you put a record out. The only underground artists are unsigned. And then you don't hear about them anyway.

So what do you think constitutes a real hip hopper?

A real hip hopper is a person.... No, a real hip hopper is not even a person. It's a level of thinking. It's when you are one with inner-city youth.

In America.

In America. [Pause] No. Wait a minute.

[Laughs] It's hard.

If someone wants to learn, then he or she is being real about it.

Can someone who is not African-American be "real"?

I don't think they will be accepted. That's what you get with the reality real versus the real. I think there's levels of real. Like Kid Capri is really real. He's the father of the mix tapes. If it wasn't for him, S&S, Ron G., Doo-Wop wouldn't have jobs.

So it's not just a genetic thing.

If you equate it to best, like, who's the best at it, then I think it's genetics. I think you have to be black or Latino to be the best at hip hop. No, let me take that back—you have to be oppressed.

Then it's not genetics.

It's not genetics. Rhythm and things like that are genetics. But you could learn that too. To be naturally hip hop is genetics. To be a hip hopper naturally, I think you have to be black or Latino, or have some African gene in you somewhere along the line.

But what about the oppressed factor?

Take Bill Clinton's daughter. If she's willing to expose herself to learning about hip hop, what she has to do is leave the White House and come live in the South Bronx or Brooklyn. If she lives there—nobody knowing that it's the president's daughter or nothing—she has to meet a guy, he has to dog her out. Dis her. Then she got to meet a guy that she really likes and dis him. Then she has to go to a party, get caught up in a fight. Maybe she's not fighting, but see it. Feel the tension of it. She has to go to a Wu-Tang concert. She has to live it. She has to drive with three other black youths in a car, and they driving and the police are looking at them. She has to feel the tension with the black youth, and know what that shit feels like. If she can withstand that, then she too can become a hip hopper.

The closest many rap fans come to that is through the music of people like you. And then they turn on a Supremes tape. And then after that maybe Nirvana or Soundgarden.

But if they can feel oppression, for that moment they are hip hop. They are welcome to the nation. But only for the moment. □



East Coast? West Coast? People still trying to pick a winner are on some of 'emple, two-track mind shit. Houston-based rlike wreckers Mr. Mike and Thorough have their own noncoastal cipher—appropriately called South Circle. “It ain’t no fiction,” says Thorough of the duo’s *Another Day Another Balla*. “Orno Steven Spielberg-type mess.” Not at all. Houston is in the house for real.

Southern Comfort

“The Geto Boys made people sit up and notice Houston,” says Tony Draper, president of Suave Records, home to SC as well as Crime Boss and Eight Ball & MJG. “Now we’re taking it to the next level.”

And with sizzling discs like *Another Day*, who can argue? Astonishingly, the album sat in the R&B Top 10 for a month—with no single. “They visited a lot of mom-and-pop record stores in a lot of ‘hoods,” says Draper. “They made a lot of friends and a lot of fans.”

Mr. Mike, raised in Corpus Christi (Thorough was born and raised in Houston), says he liked being out among folks. “That’s what hip hop is about anyway.”

Originally signed to Suave as soloists in 1993, it was Draper who first suggested the 22-year-old MCs rhyme together. The newly formed duo hooked up with the label’s in-house producer, T-Mix, and rented a house outside Houston’s humid city limits for a year-long, self-imposed lockdown. They worked on tracks one day, then on flow skills the next. “We were going after our musical dreams,” says Thorough.

Over the months, he and Mr. Mike got tight—the two now often complete each other’s sentences—and they also created a deeply funky, distinctly southern-sounding album. Influenced mostly by the Sade Boys and the Isley Brothers (as well as N.W.A. and Houston homeboy Slim Thug), *Another Day Another Balla* is rife with details of a so-called ballin’ in the Lone Star State. See Mr. Mike

say it the obvious alliteration appeals to women on the whole, but left and right circles a real ball. “From the get-go, it’s how about to the future,” Thorough, head of the duo, “to come back to see the new-planet Houston.” Both will pick up on new sessions, we’re sure.

—Rogers/Spencer

SOUTH CIRCLE

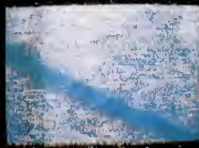
Mr. Mike (left) and Thorough

CLIP

What to wear
during the fall.



CASIO, INC., 570 MT. PLEASANT AVENUE, DOVER, NJ 07801 1-800-942-2746



All eyes are on the television. A hush falls over the room as a video image flips into focus, and two Beavis and Butt-head-like characters appear. Wearing heavy-metal T-shirts and plastic hairpieces (stolen from the battery-operated family on those Duracell commercials), the pair stare at old, beat-up TV. One flicks his remote. A blast of static assaults their vision, a thumping beat kids in, and a glassy-eyed, scruffy-faced rapper appears, plumes of slo-mo smoke emerging from his mouth.

On this searing, hot Monday afternoon in July, 11 members of the MTV staff are sealed in an air-conditioned conference room 24 floors above Times Square. Lounging around a rectangular table in a room with two 27-inch televisions and speakers perched at each end, they are scrutinizing the video for "How High?," a duet from Def Jam artists Redman and Method Man. Give or take a body, this same group gathers here every Monday to decide how many of the 30 to 50 videos submitted weekly to MTV will end up on the channel—a mighty task when you consider that their selections will be seen in 61 million homes across America and millions more overseas. That kind of exposure can turn an artist platinum almost overnight.

Smiles abound as the video's mindramp unfolds. Meth and Redman are busy removing shoe boxes of an unknown substance from an ice cream truck with a bobbing clown head on top. As the rappers hand their boxes to an anonymous white guy, cops headed by "Sergeant Cracker" look on from surveillance vans a

clips from Collective Soul, Faith, Hole, Shane MacGowan, and Doug E. Fresh—will be sent to the standards department, which will screen them for objectionable material. If, for instance, a video has a reference to weed, or shows a weapon being used in a menacing way or a visible brand-name logo, it will be returned to the record label, which must then pay to have the forbidden words or images cut or blurred if the video is to be admitted.

While an edited version of the video for Jamiroquai's ode to herb, "Return of the Space Cowboy," will go on to get play on MTV, "How High?" won't. "What MTV wanted would have required cutting out lyrics and visuals, and basically changing the whole concept of the video," says Rhonda Cowan, Def Jam's video commissioner. "It just wasn't worth it."

"For every one video you see, there are a thousand that didn't make it," says Craig Henig, a video director who has had a number of rap and R&B clips air on MTV. "Those that do make it are often not given fair play, or they're edited down until they're not even the same video. Overall, rap isn't treated with the same level of respect as other music on the channel."

"MTV are some of the biggest censors out here," says Kenneth Matthews, a veteran video producer who now works for Upfront Records. "I honestly believe that they are racist. They only want images that won't threaten their audience: safe, nonthreatening images of black men."

With right-wing culture critics on the rise, and the

launching August 1, 1981 with videos from the Buggles, Pat Benatar, Rod Stewart, and Styx, MTV was an overnight sensation. Record labels found there was a direct correlation between frequent MTV airplay and increased sales. In a medium that emphasized a group's look as much as its sound, traditional rock icons soon found themselves eclipsed by bands like the Stray Cats and Bow Wow Wow. MTV was helping to mold a new kind of modern pop. It soon began to exert an influence over what kinds of artists got signed and what kinds of records got made.

As it grew, MTV's fast-cutting techniques and focus on style as content championed the short attention span and helped change television itself. Increasingly, the channel—bought out in 1986 by media giant Viacom, which also owns VH1 and Nickelodeon—became a vehicle for advertisers to reach a audience of mostly white middle-class kids who liked big guitars and big hair.

But there was a problem. Though MTV claimed to be playing anything that could be called rock 'n' roll, there weren't many black artists in the mix. As *Rolling Stone* reported in 1983, "Of the over 750 videos shown on MTV during the channel's first 18 months, fewer than two dozen featured black artists." Rick James called the channel "racist" when it rejected "Super Freak," and said that MTV "set back people black 400 years."

MTV seemed undaunted until an alleged showdown with CBS/Epic Records in 1983 over Michael Jackson's "Billie Jean." It was rumored that MTV wasn't going to air the video because it deemed Jackson—whose big-bud-

STATION IDENTIFICATION

Is MTV embracing a new era of hip hop history or just running from the real? By Carter Harris

few feet away. Their business finished, the MCs drive off into the sunset, rapping, "...So high I could kiss the sky." Oblivious to the helicopters hovering above, Method Man and Redman mug for the camera, while traveling at an absurdly slow speed, smoke pouring from the mouth of the big clown head. The whole thing feels funny and a little surreal, an impression enhanced by the fact that the Beavis and Butt-head characters turn out to be costumed versions of Redman and Method Man watching themselves.

The video elicits more than a few good-natured chuckles from the panel of judges, but as clever as it might be, it may not be fit for MTV viewers at large. That decision falls to the folks in this room, all drawn from the network's programming and talent relations departments. They're in their early twenties to early thirties, all dressed as though they were in a Gap commercial. Nine are white. One is black. There's also an Italian person, a young black man from talent relations who's in charge of changing the videocassettes.

"That's gonna have a little trouble with our standards department because of the smoking in it," says Patti Galluzzi, vice president of music programming. A short debate ensues between those who see the video as "basically glorifying drug use" and those who think it can be cleaned up, much like "that Jamiroquai song 'Return of the Space Cowboy,' where we just had to take out the explicit stuff." In the end, it's agreed that the video will be accepted for *YO! MTV Raps* pending the approval of the standards department.

All of the videos that make today's cut—including

likes of Bob Dole and C. DeLores Tucker blaming art for the country's economic and social ills, some labels and video stations appear to be running scared. One of MTV's longest-lasting shows, *YO! MTV Raps*, recently lost hosts Fab 5 Freddy, Doctor Dre, and Ed Lover, and the network has cut back on the amount of hardcore rap it programs.

When *YO!* was in its prime, the show was instrumental in breaking countless new acts and taking hip hop culture to the four corners of the earth. But nowadays, new rap talent usually shows up on the Box or BET first, or else on one of hundreds of regional programs such as New York's *Video Music Box* or Oakland's *SoulBeat*. Many of the hip hop videos you see on the Box or BET don't appear on MTV at all, or they appear in a drastically edited form.

MTV now seems to prefer "softer" black music: Brandy, Boyz II Men, TLC. While *YO! MTV Raps* has been relegated to a single weekly slot, its "smooved-out" counterpart, *MTV Jams*, hosted by debonair funnyman Bill Bellamy, airs every day. All of which has prompted folks throughout the entertainment industry to question the music network's commitment to hip hop.

MTV maintains that it evaluates every video according to the same set of guidelines. It says such criticisms come from people who misunderstand the process or are upset because their videos don't get played. "We don't look to program MTV white or black, alternative or hip hop," says Andy Schuen, senior vice president of music and programming. "We look for it to represent what's happening in music right now."

get clips have consistently taken music video to new heights of artistry—"inappropriate" for their demographic. "I believe a conversation took place between the heads of the two companies—[former CBS president] Walter Yetnikoff and [former MTV president] Bob Pittman," says Harvey Leeds, Sony/Epic's vice president of promotion. "It was like, 'If you don't play this video, you're not gonna get any more product from us.' And then it came to explaining how big a star Michael was and how universal the music was."

Pittman, president and CEO of Time Warner Enterprises, denies that any such conversation ever took place. "There was never a threat," he says. "To the contrary, we had been working to get black musicians to make videos for the purpose of trying to disprove assertions that we weren't playing black videos. The reality was, many black musicians were not on MTV because they didn't have videos." Nevertheless, BET had been playing black music since 1981, the year MTV premiered.

Any lingering criticisms of MTV's treatment of black music were largely put to rest on August 6, 1988 with the premier of *YO! MTV Raps*. The show first aired on Saturdays with Fab 5 Freddy as host, then expanded a few months later with a weekday edition, featuring the cornball banter of Ed Lover and Doctor Dre. *YO!* fast became one of MTV's highest-rated shows.

Ted Demme, 31, nephew of director Jonathan Demme and now a filmmaker in his own right (*Who's the Man?*, *The Ref*), came up with the idea for the show with another white guy, Peter Dougherty, who now works for MTV Europe. "We did a pilot, and it scored amazing rat-

"I DIDN'T THINK YO! COULD LAST FOREVER," SAYS FAB 5 FREDDY. MTV'S LONGEST-LASTING HOST. "BUT THE ROOTS OF WHAT'S GOING ON IN AMERICAN POPULAR CULTURE SHOULDN'T BE SWEEPED UNDER THE RUG."

ings," recalls Demme, who was an MTV production assistant at the time. "For the first couple years, Fab and myself and Ed and Dre basically programmed the show," he says. "We had a real sense of what was fresh and new. Like when EPMD first came out, we'd play it even though it wasn't on the pop charts....Thirty days later the LP went gold. We tried to balance it with mainstream acts. Back then we didn't really have any standards problems whatsoever. MTV just let us do what we were doing. The show was getting ratings and really going great."

But as the hot new network grew into a big business, things changed. "It seemed like advertisers and even MTV were happy when there was a certain type of rap coming," Demme says of the days when Tone-Loc and D.J. Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince ruled the charts. "But when N.W.A came up, and rap started to get gangsta, and guns started coming out, everybody got really scared, and suddenly MTV's standards went berserk. It became a big fight."

Veterans of the show say Demme's departure in late 1992 was a major blow. "YO! was not fun since Ted Demme walked away from it," says Ed Lover. "Ted was a fighter. He was the white guy going in there fighting for the beliefs of black kids all the time. [After he left] they cut the budget back and took Fab 5 from being out in the street....The show is garbage now."

With Demme gone, the show was bounced around and finally cut back from its daily schedule to a late Friday slot (midnight to 2 a.m.) in January '93, where it's remained ever since. "If MTV is supposed to be a network that shows popular music culture and all sorts of music, to break new and exciting artists, then stick to that with all your music," says Demme. "Don't throw rap on at 1 in the morning and act like you're doing a great service."

MTV maintains that YO! got a less desirable time slot and reduced airtime because ratings declined. "The ratings only fell off when they started jumbling it around without advertising where it was," counters Lover. "If you can't find something, how you supposed to watch it?"

In fact, YO! as we know it may soon be over. As of August 17, Fab 5 Freddy, Ed Lover, and Doctor Dre were relieved of hosting duties. Their contracts expired and were not renewed. All say they left on amicable terms and will still appear on the network from time to time. According to Tina Exarhos, MTV's vice president of communications, the channel is currently considering new names for the show.

"Like other MTV shows, YO! needed a fresh coat of paint," says Schuon, the man who oversees most of the show-to-show flow on the channel. The former programming director of radio station KROQ-FM in Los Angeles, he now occupies a spacious office overlooking Broadway. On one wall is a Nine

Inch Nails poster; on the other hang photos of David Letterman and friends. Thirty years old, with a round face, balding forehead, and prominent earlobes, Schuon is gracious but slightly rushed. "For the time being, we're gonna have the artists who have their videos on YO! guest-hosting," he says. "It doesn't signal a dramatic change."

Not everyone sees it this way. "As far as I can tell, they're trying to make a happy hip hop show with celebrity guests introducing videos," says Jac Benson, who has a windowless office on a different floor from Schuon decorated with posters of Foxy Brown and Dr. Dre (the West Coast rapper, that is). Benson, a 27-year-old black man, was YO!'s producer from June '92 to May '95, and continues to produce other MTV shows and is an associate producer of

Benson stopped producing the show in May because he was "frustrated" with the politics. "There's too many hurdles to getting a video played on MTV," he says. "I'm not one to say that people should send in their videos with violence and guns and gratuitous sex. But there are other nuances of hip hop that get red-flagged because it's automatically assumed that they represent negative elements of life."

According to Benson, YO! is not the only show coming up short. MTV's *Reggae Sound System*, a 13-part series he produced, was aimed at spicing up the network's black music coverage by showcasing different flavors of dancehall, dub, and reggae. Shot in Jamaica and hosted by Patra and Apache Indian, *Sound System* has experienced delays and is now slated to air Tuesdays at 1:30 a.m. "I don't see how my show is supposed to survive and be successful at this hour," says Benson. "This show represents a year and a half of work, and this is what it gets?"

Critics point to MTV's general lack of passion for black music that isn't mainstream pop. And they wonder if cutting-edge hip hop is on its way out altogether. "We're playing more rap and hip hop than ever," Schuon insists. "It used to be we'd maybe have YO!/MTV on a half hour in the evenings and the most popular video might air once or twice a week. We've got some rap and hip hop videos airing two, three, four times a day. We've integrated it more. It's become more a part of overall MTV."

Actually, the amount of straight-up rap on MTV has remained pretty steady since 1991. Rap accounts for about 10 to 14 percent of the total playlist, according to a survey of *Billboard* video charts. How does that translate into raw numbers? In the second week of July—a month in which MTV plays more rap than usual—this year, six out of the 57 videos in regular rotation were rap.

Though a song's popularity is one of MTV's primary considerations for accepting a video, the network helps break many lower level alternative rock bands, endorsing them with a "Buzz Clip" tag and regular rotation before they become hits. Rap groups, on the other hand, must generally rank high on the charts before MTV will touch them—and even that's no guarantee. This August, for instance, Bone Thugs 'N' Harmony and Rakwon had the No. 2 and No. 10 pop albums in the country respectively, yet Bone's video—the Box's top selection for six straight weeks—didn't crack MTV's Top 50, and Rakwon's wasn't being aired at all. MTV occasionally picks a pop-hip rap artist to nurture, such as Coolio, or an act that appeals to the alternative college set, like U3 or Spearhead. MTV-sponsored concerts, award shows, and *The Grid* feature the occasional rapper. Yet hip hop's core audience must look elsewhere to find popular "underground" rappers like the Luniz, O.C., Mob

It's often suggested that MTV's rules for what can and cannot be shown in videos do not apply equally to all types of music. After reviewing dozens of clips, VIBE found numerous examples of an apparent double standard. On the left are images from rock videos that MTV allowed to be shown; on the right, images from rap videos that had to be cut or blurred out. You be the judge.



GREEN JELLY—"Three Little Girls": Big bad wolf gets blunted.



WAX—"California": Running man on fire.



NAS—"One Love": Big bad MC makes teasing gesture (no blunt).



ARTIFACTS—"C'mon Wit da Git Down": Piece of paper on fire.

Unplugged. "The idea is no longer content-driven. It misses the opportunity to introduce the underground flavor coming up and the other things we were able to do, from havin' special guest DJs to going on the road to places like Kingston or Tokyo."

intimate

warm

funky

“Are”

you

ready?

MCACLS-54992

From the long-awaited
album

STRAIGHT
FROM MY
HEART

management • IT entertainment

available at
CAMELOT
MUSIC

P E B B L E S

MCA

© 1991 MCA Records Inc.

Copyright © 1991

Deep, or Tha Alkaholiks—the hip hop equivalent of “alternative” MTV staples like Bush and Weezer—who get little or no play on MTV.

“MTV has really controlled how far rap has gone, the progression of it,” says video director Ralph McDaniels, founding host of New York’s *Video Music Box*. “When they took *YO!* off being on daily, it was a big blow to rap music in general.... Major labels were, like, ‘Well, if we can’t get rap on MTV, then why are we spending so much money to produce and promote these things?’”

As rap music changed and the videos became more extreme, the widespread popularity from the MTV audience faded somewhat, explains Schuon. “I think what we’re finding today, like years back with Hammer and Young MC, is that the rap and hip hop we get that is very rhythmic and has a hook to it and is very melodic for the most part works better with our audience.” Schuon says MTV knows this from audience surveys and ratings from *YO!* The network, however, will not make those numbers public.

Inside his Manhattan office, independent video promoter Mark Weinstein smokes a cigarette and fiddles with the buttons on his television. “After the L.A. riots, you had this extreme insistence on rap being hardcore,” he says. “At some point, MTV evaluated their own image and the content of a lot of videos they were getting. I think they decided that what they were dealing with might have been exerting a polarizing influence on their audience.” Or as Fab 5 Freddy puts it, “Early on, *YO!* gave MTV credibility among young black and white music lovers who were looking for the real, who wanted to access the most cutting-edge music in America. It was that global-ghetto-village shit jumpin’ off. But at some point, the channel decided it was becoming too black. They didn’t want to be perceived as a rap-dominated channel. They decided to move away from that audience of hip hop heads that they helped cultivate.”

“I felt the pendulum swing the other way with, like, a lot more hybrids between R&B and rap,” says Weinstein. “You know, all the girl groups that have come out and so on. But maybe by reformatting and reevaluating black music, by putting in more R&B and *Jams* segments, and by putting more dance-oriented rap into *The Grid*—maybe MTV was being progressive. Or, you know, following the trend.”

MTV has about 20 million American viewers weekly. According to a network spokesperson, most are between the ages of 12 and 34, half are men, half women, and approximately 11 percent are black (the average for other cable channels is 9 percent). Of course, the network not only decides who its audience will be by what it plays; it also helps shape the tastes of that audience and of radio stations and record companies. But while

it has continued to lead the way in rock, in black music it seems to lag behind. “Without a doubt, MTV has the power to influence trends,” says Benson. “If you hear that Montell Jordan shit 20 times a day, you might not like it, but it’s gonna be in your head.”

“I didn’t think *YO!* could last forever, but the roots of what’s going on in American popular culture shouldn’t be swept under the rug,” says Fab 5 Freddy. The longest-lasting music host in MTV history, Fab brought authenticity to MTV’s rap coverage. A former graffiti artist and onetime rapper, he was a missionary of sorts, taking hip hop culture around the world via MTV.



➔ GUNS N' ROSES—“Don’t Cry”: Woman brandishes 9 mm.



➔ AEROSMITH—“Livin’ on the Edge”: Carjacker smashes window.



➔ DR. DRE—“Nuthin’ but a G Thing”: Cook packs 9 mm in waistband.



➔ NAUGHTY BY NATURE—“It’s On”: Carjacker smashes window.

Digging into some greens and rice at Cafe Beulah, a Manhattan restaurant, Fab sports a gray herringbone cap, a big gold hoop in his left ear, and his trademark tinted glasses. “For 10 years, people have been asking how long hip hop is gonna last. It’s here, it’s strong, it’s growing, whether they wanna realize it or not. What is more cutting-edge, more true to what rock ‘n’ roll is supposed to be? It’s there to stimulate you, to fuckin’ smack you upside your head and make you recognize what the fuck is really going on.”

For Fab, the primary problem is the way the culture is presented. “I think that a lot of people at MTV just are not a part of the hip hop culture and basically didn’t grow up listening to the music. It’s a culture they don’t live with or take home and a culture they don’t really understand. I don’t think there’s a cross-the-board racism, but it’s a subtle indifference, maybe even an overt indifference, to what’s going on with the music. It’s reflected in the amount of scrutiny and the amount of pressure, and it makes it really difficult to program the best of what’s out there.”

Schuon defends his staff’s commitment to rap: “If the question is, Do we have people who are absolutely passionate about the field of rap?, we absolutely do. Are they all black? No. Are all the alternative people white? No. We have a group of people whose interests are very widespread, and we’re really proud of the representation and expertise we have, and we follow through with the music 100 percent, going to the shows and being a part of the culture.”

When asked how many black people are employed in the music and standards departments, Carole Robinson, senior vice president of MTV and MTV

Network Communications, says the company does not release that kind of information. Producer Jac Benson, however, conducted an informal survey. “Of the 10 people I know of in the programming department [recently merged with talent relations to form the music department], two are black,” he says. Moreover, Benson says that the standards department, which decides which material in a video is inappropriate to play on MTV, consists of two white women. “I’d say MTV is about 90 percent white and 10 percent minority overall,” adds Benson. “Without a doubt, there isn’t a balanced representation here of the cultural diversity of society at large.... And very few of the minorities are in positions to make decisions.”

“I remember when Snoop was scheduled to perform during the Video Music Awards,” Benson goes on. “Everyone was worrying about him cursing, constantly reminding him, stressing his management. Snoop was, like, ‘I’m gonna flip it when the time comes. You don’t have to worry.’ But then we did this NBA All-Star bash, Candice performed a song called ‘You.’ It’s really called ‘Fuck You,’ but there wasn’t

that sort of aggressive effort to make sure they didn’t curse. And in the end, they cursed anyway. It was a live show, but there was a delay switch, so it was caught. Meanwhile, Snoop went through his whole joint and didn’t curse at all. But with him, everyone was runnin’ around bananas like he can’t make the judgment on his own. To me, that’s hypocrisy.”

The most widespread complaint leveled against MTV is that its standards for what can and cannot be shown are unreasonable. None of the major music video networks have written rules, but they do have informal guidelines that labels try to observe. The Box and BET, for instance, allow artists to wear brand-name logos (a critical element of hip hop style), whereas MTV considers this “free advertising” that must be blurred out. BET edits drug references but not drug symbols like marijuana leaves; MTV doesn’t allow either. BET doesn’t show guns while the Box does; MTV says it depends on the situation.

According to Mark Klein, Epic’s national director

“MTV WAS HAPPY WHEN THERE WAS A CERTAIN TYPE OF RAP COMING,” SAYS FORMER PRODUCER TED DEMME. “BUT WHEN RAP WENT GANGSTA, AND THE GUNS CAME OUT, SUDDENLY MTV’S STANDARDS WENT BERSERK.”



ABSOLUT SQUEEZE.

ABSOLUT CITRON™ CITRUS-FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY. ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1995 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE BRONSTEIN.

HOUSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

"THESE SO-CALLED STANDARDS ARE BIASED," SAY EDITORS WHO'VE CUT VIDEOS FOR MTV. "THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS A BAND LIKE NINE INCH NAILS COULD GET AWAY WITH THAT OL' DIRTY BASTARD COULDN'T."

of video promotions, all the video networks are increasingly requiring that anything controversial be edited. "Even the Box has tempered things," he says. "Five years ago I sent them the Limbomaniacs 'Shake It' video. It was an X-rated version with topless dancers, and they played it. That wouldn't happen today." But Klein adds that MTV is "still the most politically correct of the networks. They're programming a lot more responsibly—or conservatively."

Even the network's harshest critics admit that segments like "Choose or Lose" and MTV News are on point. "One of the positive things on MTV," says McDaniels, "has been the documentaries on various subjects from violence in schools to AIDS; they've done a real good job with that." But when it comes to music videos, many find the standards just aren't clear. "I'm not quite sure how MTV's standards department works," says McDaniels, who recently directed videos for the Wu-Tang Clan. "I don't think they quite understand either, 'cause they don't really have an answer for you, and they change from week to week." Schun says inflexible rules would be worse: "If we're an organization that kept our standards firm as society changed, then far more people would be affected negatively than positively."

While this may sound sensible, some charge that the shifting standards don't apply equally to everyone. "These-so-called standards are biased," says Ted Tucker, who's edited numerous videos. "If an artist is very popular but does certain things that may not normally be considered ethical, it's gonna get play because he's selling a million jillion records."

Lynda Simmons, director of creative services at Jive Records, says MTV standards differ, depending on the genre of music. She cites a Fu-Schnickens video for the song "Breakdown." "Special effects that made it look like watermelons and building facades were blowing up or 'breaking down' had to be cut." "I myself have seen things of this nature in alternative rock videos," says Simmons. "I think because we're a rap group, we were thought to be inciting kids to go out and blow things up. If you look at the original cut and look at what they accepted for their standards, I think it took away a lot of the creativity." The extra edits also take away from sometimes tight rap budgets. "This is all at the expense of the label," she says, "not at MTV's expense."

Director Henry has his own story: "I did this video for the Artifacts 'Come On With the Git Down.' We created this fake drag race where this girl lights flash paper to start the race and the cars take off. Like an old *Rebel Without a Cause*-or *American Graffiti*-type feel. MTV sent us back to cut all the scenes where he was riding with the car door open and all the scenes with flash paper. So the message sent to me was, 'We're not gonna use anything that uses fire or promotes unsafe driving habits.' Which would be fine if I hadn't just seen an

Aerosmith video ['Amazing'] with a guy riding a motorcycle with a chick on his lap facing the other direction. And of course the biggest video on MTV right now is by Spike Jonze ['California'] by alternative rockers Wax) where this guy is running down the street on fire. If you're making decisions based on content, then there really shouldn't be room for one group to get favoritism over another."

Rappers aren't the only ones whose videos are altered. The Breeders, Soul Asylum, Magna Pop, and countless other rock groups have had to make changes in order to get MTV airplay. Still, according to video editor David Daniels, who has worked on both rock and rap videos, "There are certainly a lot of things a band like Nine Inch Nails could get away with that Ol' Dirty Bastard couldn't."

When asked about the Fu-Schnickens and Artifacts videos, Schun recalled neither. "It's totally a context thing," he says. "We'd have to go back and specifically



▲ AEROSMITH—"Crazy": Catholic schoolgirl's booty exposed.



♥ 40 THEVZ W/ COOLIO—"Dial-a-Jam": Sister's calves uncovered.



▲ DURAN DURAN—"White Lines": Simon Le Bon caresses his jewels.



♥ REDMAN—"Can't Wait": The funkadelic relic grabs his nuts.

look at the lyrics, the intention, the image. We look at thousands of videos a year."

Sometimes, however, those who screen the videos at MTV betray blatant ignorance. According to Bad Boy Records, MTV asked the Notorious B.I.G.'s label to edit a line from "Big Poppa" because staffers somehow mistook *Coogi* (the Australian fashion designer) for *coochie* (the female sex organ). And Kenneth Matthews from Uptown remembers the time MTV sent back Heavy D's "Nuttin' but Love." The offending line was "I'm not your H-E-R-B, I'm your H-E-A-V-Y." "MTV thought *herb* meant 'weed' instead of 'sucker' and asked us to take it out," says Matthews, noticeably frustrated. "How you gonna have people up there handling videos who aren't familiar with the lingo?"

Not everyone sees a problem with MTV standards. "Snoop Dogg can get away with a lot of shit," says hip hop mogul Russell Simmons, founder of Def Jam Records. "Some can't do what Snoop does. They might say, 'We're gonna pass on that one.' I can relate to making those kinds of decisions: 'How many scary things you want on the channel? I want none. Well, here's the big record. I gotta take that one.' They don't wanna play 'Throw Ya Gunz.' That happens. They have their own sensibilities. It's their network."

At least one video director agrees: "MTV isn't just arbitrarily being inconsistent," says Jim Swaffield, who has directed videos for Ini Kamoze and Coolio. "There's too much at stake. They wanna please the labels as best they can, they want good ratings, they wanna maintain their edgy image, and they don't want to offend their advertisers."

But why should the words and images of rap be offensive to advertisers trying to reach hip young consumers? Ralph McDaniels has a theory: "Most of those wanting to advertise with MTV are fairly progressive," he says. "So I don't think they worry when it comes to Guns N' Roses or Aerosmith. But sometimes white people have a serious problem with a black man with his shirt off. If Tupac has his shirt off and Axl Rose has his shirt off, it's two different things. And if the black man's talking about a message in his song and their kids are liking it, they're just a little uncomfortable about it."

"I've been doing this long enough to know what they will and will not play," says Def Jam's Cowan. "They like that happy shit. They do not want to see grimy black-and-white videos with niggas swingin' their arms in the air. But they were never a black channel to begin with. So why beat a dead horse?"

Dead horse or not, MTV's still the biggest music network on the planet, reaching more viewers with more music than any other media source. The folks at MTV don't just reflect global youth culture; to a large extent, they create it. But as they concede the cutting edge they once pursued so aggressively, regional rap shows—which are not beholden to major corporations—are flourishing (at last count, there were some 300 shows nationwide).

Everybody wants to know what the youth of the future will want. MTV seems to be gambling that their interest in rap will be minimal. But if MTV turns its back on the hip hop nation, which of the two will become irrelevant? The answer may be as simple as the remote control in your hand.

Whatever the benefits or pitfalls of MTV may be," says Weinstein, puffing on another cigarette and glancing up at his television (now tuned to BET's *Rap City*), "it's ultimately the viewers who will decide if it's time to switch channels." ■

Newport



Alive with pleasure!

© Lorillard 1999.
Box: 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine,
Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

RICHARD ELMS,
MADONNA'S "SECRET"

PLASTIC SUNGLASSES
#318 BY CHRISTIAN
ROTH FOR OPTICAL
AFFAIRS; SILVER
JUMPER #130 BY
MONDORAMA; STRETCH
YELLOW T-SHIRT #79
BY L'ENERGIA

VIBE STYLE

GARFIELD,
TLC'S "RED
LIGHT SPECIAL"

NYLON VEST #189 BY
L'ENERGIA; GREEN
NYLON JUMPER #233
BY JPG BY JEAN PAUL
GAULTIER; SNEAKERS
BY NIKE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFFREY DE BOISMENU

STYLING BY EMIL WILBEKIN

FLIPPER,
BRANDY'S "BABY"

RED T-SHIRT #52
BY FB; WHITE SKI PANT
#785 BY D&G BY DOLCE
& GABBANA; SLIDE
SUNGLASSES
BY VUARNET

VIDEO

Beauty is as beauty sees. Ain't that what
somebody said once? Maybe, maybe
not. I do know this, though: I was
working one Sunday when the
phone rang. "Who is that fine one-
thirtysomething in Madonna's 'Secret'
video?" My friend—a female—
asked me breathlessly. "I don't
know," I said. "Which one?" "The one
at the end with the baby. The one who..."

BEAUS

MICHAEL
JASPER;
PATRICK'S "PULL
UP TO THE
BUMPER"

SILVER VEST
#175 BY TOMMY
HILF; FINGER;
WHITE SHIRT
#100 BY
ARCKITTOURE

RORIS,
TLC'S "RED
LIGHT SPECIAL"

BLACK NYLON/SPAN-
DEX SHIRT #95 BY
DKNY BY DONNA
KARAN; NYLON SUS-
PENDER PANTS #125
BY MECCA U.S.A.



FLIPPER

STRETCH
SLEEVELESS
T-SHIRT #50
BY FB; SKI
PANT #252 BY
DLG BY DOLCE
& GABBANA;
SNEAKERS BY
ADIDAS; BLACK
NYLON HAT #18
BY 2B!

I guess, has the secret.... The secret is, he's fine." She was talking about Richard Elms, a model from Barbados, whose high cheekbones and flatiron abs brought Madonna more props in the 'hood than even Dallas Austin's sly backing track.

I found out his name because another friend, a fierce gay boy from Brooklyn, told me that Richard Elms—full name only—was the new pinup around his way. Okay.

This got me thinking about all the pretty dudes profiling in videos nowadays, caressing pop divas with a quickness and dancing themselves into the imaginations of viewers everywhere. And then it occurred to me: Where we once kept our eyes on the Video Ho—the girls in the



skintights and Daisy Dukes, the weasav wit' attitude, and the dime-a-dozen skeezers—we're now witnessing the dawn of the Video Beau.

Check it: In TLC's "Red Light Special" vid, the trio with brio gamble and fight for the attention of strong, sexy, silent types, mackin' and grabbin' like brothas usually do. TLC got big beautiful Boris gallivanting in a boa, sexpot Garfield sucking on a sista's toes, and Flipper gyrating like the freak of the week. And Patrol Lady Patra manhandles Michael Jasper in "Pull Up to the Bumper" like she's the man.

All this beauty can do a number on a brotha. Do you bulk up or ship out as you watch your girl (or your guy) drool over these boy toys, these fine specimens of masculinity, these dripped-in-chocolate Davids? Do you cop the moves and do your own striptease to bring the attention back home? Maybe you can take a cue from Garfield. That toe sucking is doing wonders for his career.

Scott Poulson-Bryant

MICHAEL

RED VEST #180
BY GIRBAUD; BLACK
JUMPER #225 BY
DKNY; VINTAGE
MESH TANK TOP



TWO OF A KIND
Supermodel/cosmetics
queen/actress Iman with
her husband, rocker/painter/
actor/writer David Bowie
in South Africa

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER

GLAM ROCK

*David Bowie is an artist's artist—always pushing the boundaries of creativity through his edgy music, soulful singing, androgynous personae, and flair for drama. With a new album, **Outside**, and a role in the upcoming artist biopic **Basquiat**, Bowie is once again exploring the aesthetic crevices of his imagination. Who better than his **Somalian supermodel wife, Iman**, to find out what inspires his deepest passions?*

***Iman:** Jean-Michel Basquiat is one of my favorite artists. You've just finished a movie with Dennis Hopper that explores the life of Basquiat. Let's get it clear: You play Andy Warhol, who was white and bald and wore a wig, the young actor Jeffrey Wright plays Basquiat, who was black and had his own hair [Laughs]. What was it about Basquiat that resonated a movie of his life?*

David Bowie: I think, approaching the end of this century and indeed the millennium, it's completely appropriate. This century started with European painters appropriating images and techniques from Africa, and it closes with one young Afro-American who escalated to the top of a white-dominated art scene. The way he combined street art, pop art, and more traditional styles was a flash of lightning to New York. He turned the tables on the art world, more or less saying, "You stole all this stuff from us, now, here is what it's gonna be tomorrow." When we went to South Africa earlier this year, it was a revelation to hear the name Basquiat cropping up with young artists almost as often as Picasso.

The painter Julian Schnabel, who directed you, was a very close friend of his. But do you think Julian can be accepted as a filmmaker?

Well, Basquiat was also in a rock band, so the notion of painters as filmmakers—or rock singers as visual artists—this, to me, is absolutely what the late 20th century has to offer: a real breakdown of absolutes. The right to move between one medium and another. As fast as we're moving away from a Eurocentric world view, so we're withdrawing from the craft-pivotal ideas of the traditional. Whatever it takes to say it, to do it. We'll see a lot more artists moving from one sphere to another and back to explore the nature of expression.

Well, I guess that seems to be the one thing that has always been constant with you. You've always moved with ease between art forms [Bowie has been painting and sculpting for more than 25 years]. That's also been your approach to making music, combining experiments

with early techno, rock, and R&B.

When I was a child, the first records that influenced me were Ray Charles, Little Richard, and Stravinsky.... I guess that set the pattern.

In fact, not too many people remember this, but you were one of the first major artists working within a multiracial band. How'd that happen, timey? [Both laugh]

Well, when I first toured the States, I made a pilgrimage to the Apollo. I must have looked like some kind of alien with those brilliant patterned suits with space shoulders, fire red hair, no eyebrows, stacked boots, and makeup for days. This was around '73, and I became a sort of regular there. One of the guys I started hanging out with was Carlos Alomar, who was working both in the house band and with his own group, Blue Magic, and who went on to have a hit single with "Just Don't Want to Be Lonely." I was heavy into soul music and wanted to do my own riff on it, so we put together a band that included Robin Clark, Ava Cherry, and Luther Vandross on vocals. Seriously, Luther doing backup. I think it might have been his first real time out in big 10,000-seater events. We also had Dennis Davis on drums, who went on to join Stevie Wonder, and David Sanborn on sax. We eventually ended up at Sigma Sound in Philadelphia, where we recorded "Fame" and "Young Americans." Luther was already writing some wonderful songs, and we could give him a 30-minute spot of his own before our show so he could work them up a bit. I knew he was gonna break through. There had been a move toward racially integrated bands in the '60s, but ironically, they were often Afro-American-led—Sly's Family Stone, for example.

How about the new recordings? Isn't it unbelievable that Carlos is still playing with you?

There are so few musical relationships that endure this long—that Carlos and his guitar are still with me 20 years on is a real crack. Brian Eno coproduced this new album with me. We had Sterling Campbell on drums, but unfortunately we've lost him to Soul Asylum. His replacement for the tour is pretty spectacular though: Zach Alford, who was with Springsteen for a long while. On bass, we have Gail Ann Dorsey (ex-Gang of Four), while on lead guitar there's Reeves Gabrels, who I think is one of the most exciting guitar players around. We tour the new album, *Outside*, this fall with special guest Nine Inch Nails. I can't wait for this. It's so exciting to be pushing this envelope.

You've got some great mixes in there. The trip hop mix for clubs is great. So is the Trent Reznor special mix of "The Heart's Filthy Lesson." It's cruel-nasty.

It's wicked. It sounds like the 21st century. ☐

Funnyman

Tall, svelte, and the hottest new jack funny-man around, Dave Chappelle has been called the youngest old-school comic out there. At the ripe old age of 22, Chappelle has been doing stand-up for eight years, sharing stages with such notables as Richard Pryor, David Letterman, Whoopi Goldberg, Arsenio Hall, and Garry Shandling. He also has two movie roles under his belt—Mel Brooks's 1993 *Robin Hood: Men in Tights* (in which Chappelle stole most of the scenes) and Eddie Murphy's remake of Jerry Lewis's *The Nutty Professor* (slated for release next spring).

But Chappelle's biggest break so far is his starring role in the new mid-season ABC sitcom *Buddies*, which he describes as "the story of two guys who are best friends: one black, one white. They own a video company together. What I think makes the show work is that the white guy is white and the black guy is black. They're not swapping identities but instead come together as, you know, buddies."

The *Buddies* soundstage in Hollywood is a long way from Washington, D.C., where Chappelle was born and attended the prestigious Duke Ellington School of the Arts, or from the numerous nightclubs and parks where he honed his socially conscious style of stand-up. (One especially important venue was New York City's Washington Square Park, the stomping ground of Chappelle's mentor, famed street performer Charlie Barnett.) Nevertheless, Chappelle insists the sitcom gig will not go to his head. "This is the third pilot I've had," he says, "so I'm, like, *it's about time*."

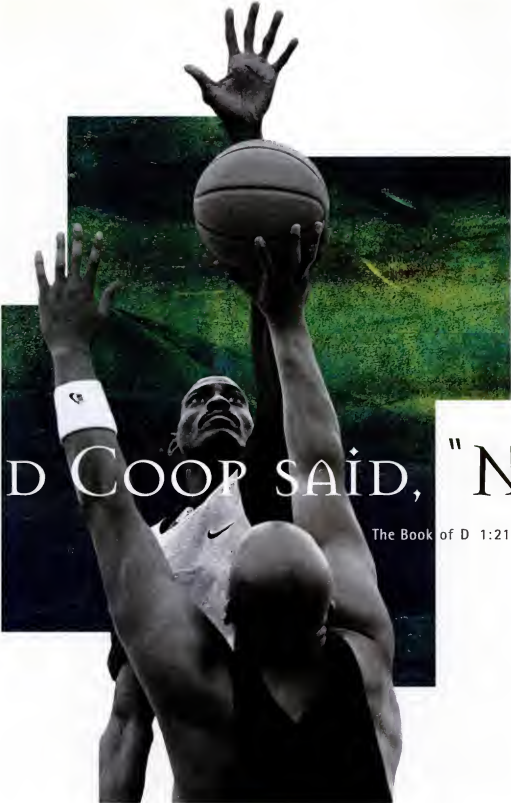
Painfully aware of the number of young black comics doing reckless "dick and pussy" jokes and anything else for a laugh, Chappelle wants to make one thing clear: "I'm not coonin' on this show, that's for sure. I definitely keep an eye out for the coon attack."

Pressed to elaborate, Chappelle drops knowledge with characteristic candor: "The industry is picking guys up so fast, the work ethic has gotten so distorted. They get paid quick.... I don't think they value it, at least not as much as I do." He pauses. "I'm in it for the long haul."

Kevin Powell

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDDIE MILLA

DAVE CHAPPELLE



AND COOP SAID, "NO.♦"

The Book of D 1:21



LOS ANGELES

Copyright © 2008

D I F F ' R E N T S T R O K E S



THE USUALLY SHARP HALF OF PM
Jonett "J.C. the Boss" "Cassidy"

90 VIBE



Lost in space? No. P.M. Dawn return with a pretty (yet slamin') third album—and a rebel whisper that says there's nothing wrong with being brothers from another planet. By Michael A. Gonzales. Photographs by Joseph Pluchino

KEEPING IT SURREAL
Attrel "Prince Be" Cordes

VIBE 91

Cordes: David LaChapelle

I feel like I was a stunt driver in my other life," P.M. Dawn's Attrel "Prince Be" Cordes says. He's racing his brother's black Camry down a desolate strip of road in Jersey City, N.J. Seated next to Be is Ron, the group's imposing bodyguard—a mountain with feet, Jarett "J.C. the Eternal" Cordes, the usually silent half of the duo, is squashed in the back. He's still a little shaken from yesterday's fender bender.

There's a misty rain falling, and the Notorious B.I.G.'s "One More Chance" is bumptin' from the Bose speakers. We're nearing the gleaming postmodern structure that is New Jersey's Liberty Science Center. A model dinosaur stands on the clipped green lawn of this hands-on educational playground for kids and their parents.

"It's hard to believe we've lived in Jersey City all our lives and never been here before," Jarett says. Especially since, as kids, Prince Be, 25, and Jarett, 24, came from a working-class, single-mother-type situation. The brothers were nerdy (but not studious) blacks who spent most of their time watching television, listening to music, reading comic books, and inventing games together.

A silverpendant—combination crucifix and infinity symbol—dangles from Prince Be's neck. His flowing dreadlocks are dyed blond on one side and decorated with multicolored beads. One might expect this iconographer of mystical melancholy to be living in a commune surrounded by barefoot groupies, dirty cats, and walls splattered with LSD-inspired rainbows. Not so. The reality of the situation is the opposite of that Summer of Love daydream.

Earlier in the day, dressed in blue jeans and a black Shaq T-shirt, Be flops down onto a comfortable white leather sofa and focuses on an R.E.M. video that seems to be exploding from the 45-inch TV. In the living room of his Jersey City penthouse, there's a framed poster of the Albert Watson—photographed Gap ad that features the brothers Cordes looking heavenward. There are gold records of their first two albums, as well as plaques commemorating their work on Elton John's *Duets* and the Jimi Hendrix tribute album, *Stone Free*. A signed John Lennon lithograph hangs over a table, as do two posters from the weird Brandon Lee flick *The Crow*. A couple of Keith Haring prints lean against the white walls.

As R.E.M.'s last riffs scream from the set, Be mutters the sound, "Why do you think no one likes P.M. Dawn?" he bluntnly asks. "If you ask folks on the Internet if they like P.M. Dawn, you get all these people who type in 'HELL NO!'"

I tell him that most kids today restrict themselves to tribal fads of realness and that the otherworldly soundtracks of strange bohemian blacks don't boom enough bass in their face. He says nothing.

In a yellow jumper and sneakers, Be's wife, Mary, brings us iced tea in Hard Rock Cafe glasses. "Jarett called—he's on his way," she announces, her slight accent saying New York/New Jersey Italian. While Prince Be often retreats to the magical movie house in his mind, it's clear Mary stays pretty grounded in the now.

It seems Be, a new father, is a tiny bit more grounded himself. P.M. Dawn's third album is called *Jesus Wept*, after the shortest verse in the Bible. Building on the foundation of 1991's *Of the Heart, of the Soul, of the Cross: The Utopian Experience* and 1993's *The Bliss Album...? (Vibrations of Love and Anger and the Ponderance of Life and Existence)*, which included the dramatic "I'd Die Without You," *Wept* combines cool existentialism, religious symbolism, romantic ecstasies, and electric-guitar mojo pop. While the brothers are still keeping it surreal, the metaphorical title suggests that Be may be looking at things rather radically—as in, from the root.

"People always seem to perceive Jesus as someone bigger than life," says Be. "They forget he was also a man. The album isn't meant to reflect Jesus weeping—in sadness or in joy. It's that people are afraid to find the religion within themselves. That's why famous people—movie stars, singers—are as mega as they are. People have to realize that they are important to themselves and to each other. That's what I wanted to get across."

P.M. Dawn got their message across—while making their musical points at the same time. The brothers are sampling architects, gracefully constructing sonic skyscrapers out of yearning A.I.B. Sure!—vocal-like on "Sometimes I Miss You So Much (Dedicated to Christ Consciousness)"—as effectively as they place dirty, subway scratches on "My Own Personal Gravestone." "Downtown Venus," the first single, samples Deep Purple's 1968 "Hush" and recalls the hippie bob of the Byrds.

"Working with Prince Be, I learned to put originality first and to disregard the technical limits of my instrument," says rock session guitarist Cameron Greider, whose electric Telecaster and acoustic Truys are heard on most of the tracks. "I could always tell when Be was

"Why do you think no one likes P.M. Dawn?" Prince Be wonders. "If you ask folks on the Internet if they like us, you get all these people who type in 'HELL NO!'"

into what I was playing because the music would put him into this blissful state. At first I thought he was sleeping—but I realized he was vibing to the sounds."

Like Bauhaus soul brothers trooping through the lush soundscapes of rap, P.M. Dawn choose to reject the mainstream with grace rather than aggression. Not many compared their first single, 1991's "Set Adrift on Memory Bliss" (with its Spandau Ballet sample and mellifluous vocals) to the arty Negro grooves of the Native Tongues clique, but P.M. Dawn were, in fact, of that ilk—to the unperceptive degree. Combining the nouveau, Afrocentric beats and attitudes of A Tribe Called Quest and De La Soul with the Eurocentric textures of the '80s new romantics, P.M. Dawn created a new category of rap. Yet with their flowing robes, beads, and pop songcraft, Be and Jarett (especially Be) have been viewed as soft, plastic rappers with no business in hip hop. The fact that "Set Adrift" reached No. 1 on *Billboard*'s pop chart when there were few fans in the concrete jungle. "It had to do with people's fear of change," says Be resignedly. "Rap was pretty much a tight-knit area then. Most fans weren't into experimentation."

P.M. Dawn's long-standing mission: to boldly go where few hip hop artists have gone. Be knows who he is. "You can't be a sampling artist and not be a hip hop artist," he says. "I would never exclude myself from being a hip hop artist. I just wanted to help hip hop be bigger than it was."

We grew up near Lincoln Park, N.J.," says Prince Be on the way to the Science Center. "It was a weird area. If you went to blocks in one direction, you got robbed and beat down by racist whites. If you went to blocks in the other direction, you got beat down by the black kids in the projects. To me it made more sense to stay in the middle."

"When I grew up and people asked me to choose sides, I refused. I have no interest in being considered either black or white, and I've gotten a lot of flack for it. You, reflections, and shadows are all that tell me I even exist."

Perhaps it was this question of "blackness" that ticked off the self-proclaimed Teacher of hip hop: It seems to tick off many African-Americans suspicious of anyone anxious to shrug off their melanin. Kris "KRS-One" Parker and a few henchmen bum-rushed the stage of New York's Sound Factory in January 1992 while P.M. Dawn were performing. Jarett fumes at memories of that infamous night. "I'm still pissed," he says, slamming the car door shut. "That shit is *not* in the past. Fuck him. I'll listen to his records because you can't front on the music. But him personally? Fuck dat nigga."

Opening the massive glass doors of the bustling center, Prince Be is not quite as vehement. It was he, after all, who said in a 1992 *Details* article, "KRS-One wants to be a teacher, but a teacher of what?"

"It was just a publicity stunt in the first place," says Be. "All KRS-One did was P.M. Dawn to rejuvenate his own career." Stepping inside the air-conditioned lobby, he continues. "I ran into him one time after that, and I said, 'Yo, we really need to end this public.' I guess he thought he was going to get his ass beat or something. It was him and some girl, and I was with a bunch of guys."

With school out for summer, the Science Center is packed with screaming tykes smelling of sour milk and cereal. Through this tide of kid mania, we pass a huge model atom that expands and contracts every minute. "I guess I'll be bringing my son here in a few years," says Be of his newborn, Christian, who, like his father, is a Taurus.

We decide to catch a 3-D minmovie. Ten minutes later we're in a small theater, slouched in our seats, waiting for the show to begin. We slip on blue cardboard glasses as the aide explains the processes of light and laser that create the effect. "The one thing that bothers me is that people often accuse P.M. Dawn of 'selling out.'" Be says as images begin to soar from the screen. "When you're a sellout, you do shit that you hate in order to make money. But I don't do that. I *love* my shit."

It's time to go back out and explore, and we're all kind of interested, kind of enthusiastic, at times acting as goofy as the littled kid. After the short film, we stroll past a virtual basketball game where young white kids are posing like schoolyard Jarett. Then we head into a room of fun-house-style mirrors. Jarett and Be are way into it. Looking at themselves taller, bigger, smaller. Their forms elastic, changeable.

"Oh, shit!" says Jarett, standing in front of mirror after trick mirror. "This shit is wild!"

Prince Be, though, stops at a looking glass labeled TRUE MIRROR. He extends his left hand—but in the mirror he's holding out his right.

He stares into his own reflection and seems to talk to it. "You know," he says, quoting a line from 1986's *Crossroads*, a Walter Hill film based on the myth of blues master Robert Johnson selling his soul to the devil. It's one of Be's favorite films. He speaks the line, calmly, to his other self. And with such gravity that he bugs me out.

"Nothing is ever the way we think it's going to be, bluesman." □

The light is definitely on.

Mad beats. Fly people.

Serious partying. It's the

COORS LIGHTSHOW.

And it's closer than you think.

Get with the COORS LIGHTSHOW
broadcast on BET. If you're in

New York or Atlanta, you might
even get there in person. The

COORS LIGHTSHOW.

It's all that.



Left: Suede jean-cut jacket \$350 by Diesel; brown denim shirt \$101 by Replay; corduroy trouser \$230 by Costume Homme; boots by Chippewa; leather gun holster by H. Kauffman; belt by Guess? Right: Corduroy sheepskin jacket \$253 by Replay; cream denim jacket \$79 and cream denim jeans \$58, both by Paper; boots by Chippewa. Opposite: Corduroy coat \$640 by Costume Homme; vintage corduroy jacket \$40 by Levi Strauss & Co.; brown denim shirt \$101 by Replay



TUMBLEWEEDS

Styling by Derick Procopio • Photographs by Nina Schultz



Corduroy blazer \$604
by D&G by Dolce &
Gabbana; velvet gray
shirt \$62 and black
jean \$49, both by Paper
boots by Chippewa



Blue shirt \$99 by
Replay; suspenders by
Levi Strauss & Co.

A full-page photograph of a man standing in a rustic, weathered wooden doorway. He is wearing a long, cream-colored coat with yellow leather fringe cuffs and a matching wide-brimmed hat. Underneath, he has a blue denim jacket, a blue and white striped shirt, and blue jeans with a large silver belt buckle. He is also wearing black boots. The background shows a desert landscape with dry grass and shrubs under a bright sky. The doorway is made of dark, rough-hewn wood, and the walls on either side are made of textured, brownish material.

Cream coat \$350 and
leather fringe gloves, both
by H. Kauffman; gray denim
jacket \$79 and 04 him jeans
\$59, both by Pope; blue
striped shirt by Guess;
boots by Chippewa

Left: Denim sheepskin jacket \$253 by Replay; \$61 jeans \$30 by Levi Strauss & Co.; boots by Chippewa. Right: Velvet jacket \$315 by Diesel; green plaid shirt \$89 by A/X by Giorgio Armani; \$61 jeans \$30 by Levi Strauss & Co.; boots by Chippewa



All photographs were shot on location in Arizona's *Dragon Mountains*. Crew accommodations were made courtesy of the *Serpentine Canyon Ranch*, *Pescadore, Ariz.* special thanks to *Gerry and Eve Squire*. For information on the ranch, call 800-245-9202.

Today, trying to smoke in some public buildings
is a monumental task.
For a great smoke, just work it out.



BENSON & HEDGES 100's



THE LENGTH YOU GO TO FOR PLEASURE

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**



Finally, a welcome sign for both smokers and nonsmokers.
Call 1-800-494-5444 for more information.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1995
15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Glenn Plummer

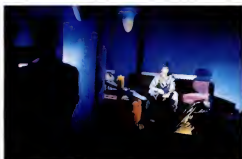
"I don't do anything different on *ER* than I do in my films," says Glenn Plummer, who has a recurring role as Timmy on the hit NBC series. "Television and film are different only because people perceive them to be different." In fact, it took the brief scene in which Keanu Reeves jumps into (and then wrecks) the dreadlocked actor's Jaguar in 1994's big summer box-office smash *Speed* to shift Plummer's career into high gear.

Now Plummer—who's also appeared in *South Central*, *Menace II Society*, and *Who's That Girl?*—is starring as a "dancer/choreographer/girl hound" in *Showgirls*, the controversial, NC-17-rated musical drama about the lives of Las Vegas lap dancers. "I'm a little concerned about the rating," he admits, "but I hope people will come to see it regardless." He's also featured in *Strange Days*, a futuristic thriller in which he plays a political activist/rap artist. "I like doing true-life stories," says Plummer, who grew up in Richmond, Calif., and started out performing in small local theaters. "I always figured that if I wasn't real, the audience wouldn't notice."

So far, Plummer's dedication to cinematic "realness" has caused big-wig casting agents to take note. He's currently playing a cameraman and working alongside Michelle Pfeiffer and Robert Redford in *Up Close and Personal*, a story loosely based on the life of troubled CBS correspondent Jessica Savitch. "I want to have the same kind of career as Bruce Willis, Mel Gibson, and those guys," Plummer says. "So far I've looked the same in everything that I've done. But I'd like to play an array of characters. I like to metamorphose."

Ricky Lee

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER ERICKSON



shoot mobb deep "give up the goods"

Text and photos by Lisa Leone

Froi Cuesta is directing his second Mobb Deep video, "Give Up the Goods (Just Step)." The concept for the video, he says, is just like the title: Give it up or get sprayed. "I'm a filmmaker—I produce, direct, and edit," Cuesta says. "I got into videos to do films. I like telling a story. I'm the type of director that if I can't feel the music, I turn down the job. I'm in it for the art."

The video consists of vignettes in and around New York City's Supper Club. In one scene, two girls in the bathroom are dressed in identical gear. They go at it. Then a guy gets robbed for his gold. In another scene, some thugs come over to a table and snatch a couple's chains.

It's a long day of shooting—the crew starts setting up at 1:00 a.m. and will wrap the next day at 4 p.m. In the early morning, heads are definitely sleeping. Cuesta is ready for the next shot, but the Mobb Deep crew is passed out. He stands on the balcony shouting, "Yo, wake up!"—but to no avail. Havoc won't wake up and eventually falls off the couch.

Finally everyone's in position. The music starts and Mobb Deep come alive. "This video is tiring," says Havoc. "It's a lot of hard work, but the end result is worth it. I can't complain."





gear cycle chic

Cycling is the latest sport to be infiltrated by fashion designers. Next spring, Fila (shown here), Boss Jeans, Gene Meyer, DKNY, D&G, and Nautica are all creating formfitting shirts splashed with color and/or logos. As for the new Fila line—titled “Chain Reaction” and ranging from \$20 to \$95—design director Rebecca Pailles-Friedman says, “When you see bike messengers in the street and then you see them walking in the building and how they mix street clothing with biking things—that’s where I got the idea from.”

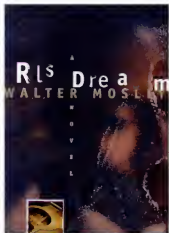


actress lela rochon

“In *Waiting to Exhale*, African-American women are complete characters,” says Lela Rochon about the celluloid version of Terry McMillan’s best-selling novel. “They’re not just someone’s girlfriend or wife, they are the story.” *Exhale*, which stars Angela Bassett, Loretta Devine, and Whitney Houston, marks Rochon’s “first opportunity to help carry the weight in a film.” Now the Los Angeles native and former Spuds MacKenzie girl, who costarred in *Boomerang* and the TV series *The Wayans Brothers*, is ready to dive into the pool of leading-lady parts. “Many Sandra Bullock and Julia Roberts movies could have starred a black actress,” says Rochon. “But African-American actresses trying to get scripts goes back to Rosa Parks’s fight to sit in the front of the bus. My goal is to be involved in the best stories, and that includes colorless roles that can go either way.” *Omoronke Idowu*

word it's dream

Drifting from the noir Cali haze of his Easy Rawlins private-eye sagas (*Devil in a Blue Dress*, *Black Betty*), author Walter Mosley creates a strange brew of New York angst, down South blues, and human suffering in his latest novel, *RL's Dream*. He takes the reader on a painful journey through the final days of Soupspoon Wise, an aging, black guitar picker who once played the Jim Crow streets and gin-mill backwoods with the legendary Robert “RL” Johnson. *RL's Dream* brilliantly details both the art of blues and the agony of suffering. Although the story itself is rather simple, Mosley writes with the flair of an angel. *Michael A. Gonzales*



LOOK

comix books with beats

Pop music's heroes and comics' larger-than-life images are a match made in heaven. Many of rock's heavy hitters have already been rendered in comic form. Now it's time for hip hop, reggae, and R&B artists to get in the mix.



Dream Warriors, *Subliminal Simulation* (Collective Comic Group): The Toronto-based multiculti unit preaches cosmic Afrocentrism to the masses. Think space, and then hit the warp drive.

Extra Prolific and Casual (Hieroglyphics Comix): Both of these MCs from the Hieroglyphics crew made comics that you can read along with their songs. Just like videos, but hell a cheaper.



Crustified Dibbs (Nightmare Comix): In the tradition of cheesy horror comics—bad graphix, lame story—comes the gory fantasies of F.A. the Ruggedman.



Bob Marley, Iron and Lion (Marvel): The first two editions of a three-part comic bio (the forthcoming Zion will be the third), exquisitely painted by Tennyson Smith, tells Marley's whole story from the humble beginnings to the tragic end. And beyond.



Onyx, Fight (Marvel): The ruffneck trio attempts to save what's left of the world from alien bootleggers in a *Blade Runner*-like dystopia, acting like they just don't care. Unfortunately, neither will you. Joseph V. Tirella



actor john witherspoon

John Witherspoon's name may not appear above the title, but this veteran stand-up comic/actor has contributed to many a cinematic yuckfest. Most indelible was Witherspoon's gleefully vulgar turn as David Allan Grier's embarrassment of a father in *Boomerang*. Resplendent in snug, mushroom-patterned polyester and smacking his lips over a steaming plate of chitlins, Witherspoon steals the Thanksgiving dinner scene from under the noses of fellow stars Grier and Eddie Murphy with perfect timing and sage sartorial advice: "The secret is, you gotta coordinate!"

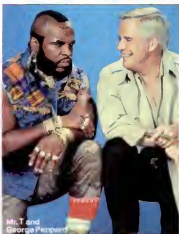
After two decades of stellar dramatic and comedic work and long years touring the national comedy-club circuit, this comic's comic, 53, is finally taking off. Aside from his regular TV gig as the stern father on *The Wayans Brothers*, Witherspoon appeared as Ice Cube's father in *Friday*. And Eddie Murphy must have been wearing his producer's cap when he decided to share the screen again with Witherspoon in the upcoming *Vampire in Brooklyn*, in which Witherspoon plays a Brooklyn harbor master, the witcracking nemesis to Murphy's fanged fiend. The secret to this hard-won success? The theme of Witherspoon's career, of course: You gotta coordinate. *Elena Osmano*



poet wadud

Philadelphia-based poet Wadud is proof that New York ain't the only place where street-smart wordsmiths are blowin' up. With an eye toward enlightening our youth, Wadud hits the national scene with a one-two punch: no additives or preservatives is his new CD (with a CD-and-book set forthcoming). He is also the coauthor and publisher of *Back to Afrika With a White Woman*, a witty collection of agitprop poems. The work and philosophy of this seasoned performance artist, who's shared the stage with the Last Poets, Gwendolyn Brooks, the Roots, and Amiri Baraka, are about maintaining integrity and creative independence. "If it's remotely possible to control your destiny, you should," he says. "The industry is designed to pimp artists and not give them any return on their talent."

For information, contact Sosa Records, 42 West Upsal Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19119. Phone and fax: 215-843-9010. Kevin Powell



ten (or so) years later mr. t

Question: What's dipped in gold, has two-thirds of a full head of hair, and pities the fool who doesn't remember him?

Answer: An actor named Mr. T! Sucka! With his 1982 portrayal of Clubber Lang in *Rocky III* and the success of the action series *The A Team*, Mr. T became one of the most popular strongmen in entertainment. Before long, he'd joined the cartoon circuit with his own Saturday morning animated series. After *The A Team*, he starred in the Canadian television show *T and T*, his likeness appeared in a comic book titled *Mr. T and the T-Force* (distributed by Now Comics), and he wrestled alongside Hulk Hogan in various *Wrestlemania* extravaganzas.

Now, 13 years later, Mr. T still appears at wrestling matches occasionally. And he and the Hulkster are also set to star in *Lightning Force*, a new Turner Network television series which begins shooting this January. *The Blackspot*



NOTHING ELSE
IS A PEPSI.™



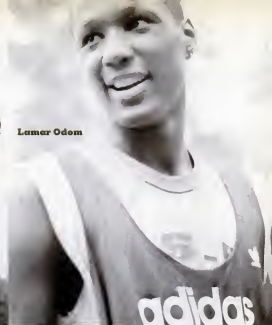
Shaq and Shag logos are trademarks of Mine O' Mine, Inc.
PEPSI, PEPSI-COLA and NOTHING ELSE IS A PEPSI are trademarks of PepsiCo, Inc.



Kobe Bryant



SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION



Lamar Odom



Jermaine O'Neil



Lester Earl



Tim Thomas

THE

BEST HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL PLAYERS IN AMERICA.

Last

year Vibe featured five Pepsi All-American high school basketball players, four of whom signed on

with powerful college basketball programs and one who went straight to the NBA. This year, we've selected five more talented young men, Pepsi's 1995 High School All-Americans, presented here with one warning: get ready 'cause here they come. **Tim Thomas, 6'10", 245 lbs., senior, Patterson Catholic High School,**

Patterson, N.J. Powerful center Tim Thomas, perhaps the best high school player in the country, was often favorably compared to Kevin Garnett—before Garnett went straight from the prom to the NBA, changing the rules of the high school recruiting game. So where might Thomas go? "I think, if I would put my name in, I would get drafted," says Thomas, who averaged 25.3 points and 14.5 rebounds as a junior. "But I wanna go to school, get a little bit of that college life, at least, you know, two years, then I'll go back and get my degree."

Lester Earl, 6'9", 225 lbs., senior, Glen Oaks High School, Ruston, La. When Lester Earl gets the ball anywhere near the basket, it's not uncommon for the other team to just melt—because big Earl is more likely to cook 'em than shake 'em and bake 'em. He's as relentless as the Louisiana heat, and will penetrate any defense, driving around them, over them, or just plain through them, screaming with a scream just to emphasize the point. "I like having fun, but when it gets close and the game gets tight, I get down and get serious," says Earl, who says he's considering 45 different colleges. "No smiles, it's all business." **Kobe Bryant, 6'6", 194 lbs., senior, Lower-Merion High School, Ardmore, Pa.** Youth will be served, and as a tike, Kobe Bryant wanted to be served ice cream. So he'd challenge his father's friends to three-point shooting contests, wagering—and winning—soon after scoop. Thing is, his father, Joe, is an NBA veteran, and his father's friends were guys like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Magic

HIGH SCHOOL ALL-AMERICAN TEAM

Jordan. Young Bryant has had some unique experiences. When his dad played in Europe, Kobe picked up three languages. And challenges on the playgrounds in Philly were nothing compared to the challenges of going one-on-one with his father in the driveway. Now the versatile senior is being compared to Grant Hill and hounded by college recruiters. "I think he'll handle it just fine," says his father, now an assistant coach at LaSalle. "He's a different kind of kid." **Jermaine O'Neil, 6'11", 218 lbs., senior, Eauclore High School, Columbia, S.C.** Now here is a young man who is aptly named, combining the sweet baby face of Jermaine Jackson with the ferocity, size, and deep voice of Shequille O'Neal. Jermaine O'Neil, who averaged 19 points, 12 rebounds, and 9 blocks as a junior, runs the open floor with grace and speed but explodes when he gets near the hole. Even more impressive is his defense and shot-blocking ability, which regularly provides orange leather souvenirs for the fans.

"I don't try to force it," says O'Neil. "The game just seems to come to me." **Lamar Odom, 6'8", 182 lbs., junior, Christ the King High School, Queens, N.Y.** In a basketball-crazed city packed with prospects, little Lamar Odom didn't get much attention. But now that he's sprouted six inches in the last year, big Lamar Odom is starting to draw quite a lot of attention. "I never thought of myself as being like Felipe (Lopez), Stephen (Marbury), and them," says Odom of New York City's recent All-Americans.

"I just love to play." His soft hands rarely miss a pass, and he still has the shimmy of that stalin' guard who won the city Catholic school league championship two years ago. "It seems like I've been playin' for a long time, with school, AAU, and the park," says Odom. "But I know the best is yet to come."



NOTHING ELSE
IS A PEPSI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY AROCH

PEPSI, PEPSI-COLA, and NOTHING ELSE IS A PEPSI are trademarks of PepsiCo, Inc.



ARCADE GRAPHICS AND BIGGER PLAYERS!



INCREDIBLE MONSTER JAMS!



ALL-NEW MODES OF PLAY!

WE PUMPED UP THE JAM



It's the greatest NBA® JAM TE™ yet! This Jam takes it to a higher court with stunning graphics, player scaling, full motion video and the actual big heads and baby mode arcade feature! Plus, you get updated player rosters, all-new secret characters, and mind-blowing stereo music and sound F/X! NBA Jam TE...Get Pumped!



SEGA
SATURN™



PC CD-ROM

Acclaim
entertainment inc.

MIDWAY

The NBA and individual NBA Team trademarks used on or in this product are trademarks, registered designs and other forms of intellectual property of NBA Properties, Inc. and the respective Teams and may not be used, in whole or in part, without the prior written consent of NBA Properties, Inc. © 1995 NBA Properties, Inc. All rights reserved. "i love this stuff!" is a trademark of Midway Manufacturing Company. All rights reserved. The PS logo and PlayStation are trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. Sega and Sega Saturn are trademarks of Sega Enterprises, Ltd. All rights reserved. Acclaim is a division of Acclaim Entertainment, Inc. All rights reserved. Screen shots shown are taken from the PlayStation version of the videogame.

REVOLUTIONS

EDITED BY DANYEL SMITH



MARIAH CAREY

Daydream
Columbia

By dream hampton

She's sold a zillion records, and graced the pages of glossy teen magazines and tabloids alike, but I'm hard-pressed to find a single soul who absolutely lives for superstar singer Mariah Carey. I'm talking about *free* for in the way that folks keep breathing so they'll be around for Chaka Khan's comeback or for an Aretha Franklin tour. Mariah's voice is nothing short →

JANET JACKSON

1986/1996: Design of a Decade
A&M

By Elysa Gardner

It's been almost 10 years since Janet Jackson announced that her first name wasn't Baby, and it's easy to forget what a bold proclamation that was coming from a woman—particularly a black woman—at that time. In summer 1986, when Janet's "Nasty" single hit the airwaves, the hip hop revolution had not yet made the →

Miami:

Owned by actor/director Sean Penn and R&B group sensation Simply Red, Bash pledges to be the "hottest place on South Beach." Peep their blazing (no cover) "Baila Joe." Sunday nights where retro, disco, funk, and soul music burns up the dance floor courtesy of DJ Marc Fachel...Wanna party so hard that you forget who you are and what your name is? Check out Amnesia the rooftop city-block-length tropical gallivant of Miami Beach. Both your body and mind will succumb to their \$10 Tuesday hodgepodge of Latin, disco, and house, and their \$5 Sunday night gay event Tea Dance, will thrust your brain cells back to the boogie philosophy of the 70s.

Chicago:

Don't be a fool! While you're in Chicago get real intelligent and slip into Smart Bar to be a part of its eclectic, urban crowd. On its \$3 Tuesday night DJ Derrick Carter reigns as minister of underground house music who pumps the most rhythmic triphop beats into the veins of all folks present in the bar's all-new, remodeled edifice.... First Fridays boasts a roaming location (guess where?) every month, with the smooth sounds of live jazz, and DJs Barry Robertson and Wayne Williams orbiting R&B and hip hop on the wheels of steel to jump start your weekend. To sip at the cash bar and munch on the hors d'oeuvres, call 312-866-8022 to find out where the Friday congregation will be meeting next.

BOSS
BY I.G. DESIGN

The club industry is a shifting one, always call ahead for current information. **Look for Boss By I.G. Design at these fine retailers:**

Miami	Chicago
Venecia	Fresh Wear
L.A.W. Zilber Shirts	Fashion West
Grand Prix Sportswear	Sport-N-Fashion
Sportswear Unlimited in Sawgrass Mills	US Men's Fashions

All Merry Go Round, Rence King and D'Jaz

[*Mariah cont'd*] of outstanding—she's got the power to fill an opera house and a range that could shatter a sniffer—but her songs aren't ones you'd make love to, give birth to, or more important, barbecue to. Hers are songs you'd take a shower to.

But maybe I'm not being completely fair. Folks are often unfair to Mariah Carey. A gifted songwriter, she is fiercely involved in just about every cut that bears her name. This is an impressive detail considering she could easily sit on her behind and let her husband, label bigwig Tommy Mottola, resurrect the infamous Sony starmaking machine every couple of years. These days, Carey not only writes or cowrites almost every word she utters, she also coproduces tracks—and even seeks out hip producers like Jermaine Dupri and Sean "Puffy" Combs to remind us that she's only 25. But that also means she bears full responsibility for the often overbearing, aggressively pop sound that has come to signal the arrival of her voice.

Now *Daydream*, Mariah's sixth album, has arrived. And despite her collaboration with hip hop's drunken one, Ol' Dirty Bastard, for the remix of her first single—the slammin' "Fantasy"—a seasoned, mature Mariah surfaces. Not once does she hit that dog-whistle-pitched scream that she flaunted in the beginning of her career. Instead, she allows her voice to just be—and that's no small thing: This girl *can* sing. And she has good ideas.

Her lyrics flirt with independence: "I ain't gonna cry / And I won't beg you to stay / If you're determined to leave, boy / I will not stand in your way," she says in "Always Be My Baby." And when she opts for a more sparse sound, like on "Melt Away" or the bumping "Long Ago," her ability to reach deep into her awesome range is spellbinding.

But more often than not, Carey wheels out the entire orchestra. I'm all for strings and things, but enough already. The track to her collaboration with Boyz II Men, "One Sweet Day," could be the score to some patriotic war flick. And an overblown choral sound completely undermines the gentleness of her cover of Journey's 1981 "Open Arms." Still, I believe Mariah's got good intentions. This was aiming for lush, but lush lies on a fine line—it's an intangible, like soul, and Carey, lost in the bigness of her productions, misses the mark just about every time.

Wisely, though, Mariah's never claimed to want to be our favorite soulstress. The mall-girl-turned-reluctant-diva persona fits her perfectly. And there's nothing wrong, I hear, with malls: Most of America plays in those big fancy places. It's just that Mariah's smart and more gifted than a little bit, and I can't wait for the day when she abandons what she believes are the platinum markers—bigness, brashness—and strips down to basics: her skills. Baby girl's sure got 'em.

Carey allows her voice to just be—and that's no small thing. This girl can sing.

Janet's appeal can't be chalked up to lucky relations.

[*Janet cont'd*] pop charts safe for Salt-N-Pepa and TLC. Back then, Robert Plant wannabes could still thrust their crotches and flaunt their babes on MTV without being parodied on *Beavis and Butt-head*. Only two women were there to remind the rest of us that there was power and freedom in feminine sexuality—to reinforce the fact that we could be adorable and flirtatious and strong and assertive. And Madonna was 't a sista.

Some like to dismiss Jackson as a muse for the superior artistic talents of two men, Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis. But that argument only holds up when you're sticking to details like songwriting and production—and her appeal can't be explained strictly in such technical terms, any more than it can be chalked up to lucky relations. Like her more musically gifted brother, Michael, Janet oozes pop-star charisma from every pore—but unlike him, she can carry off a facade of accessibility and normalcy. At 29, she's one of the richest and most famous human beings on the planet, but she's still got enough girl-next-door charm and sass to convincingly play a hairdresser in a John Singleton movie.

And just like the girl next door, Jackson is always growing in natural, inevitable ways. The 16 songs on her greatest hits package, 1986/1996 *Design of a Decade*—which includes two strong new singles—trace a young woman's progression from questioning others' authority to reveling in her own. The tracks from her 1986 breakthrough, *Control*, released when she was 20, seem at once self-possessed and self-conscious. When declaring her adulthood on "Control," or standing up to the guys on "What Have You Done for Me Lately"—which still stam as hard as any pop funk confection you've ever heard—she's still a feisty kid bent on proving herself. And on the fragile "Let's Wait Awhile," Jackson's tender, hesitant delivery conveys all of the trepidation and wonder felt by a young girl on the brink of losing her innocence.

The songs from 1989's *Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation 1814* are more broadly confident. Though the album was her attempt to adopt a bolder social agenda, most of the hits find her focusing on that special someone—but this time with less emphasis on her own self-protection, and more on sharing. "Miss You Much" and "Black Cat" rock with a frisky muscularity, while numbers like "Escapade" and "Love Will Never Do (Without You)" shine like radiant smiles. Even Jackson's voice sounds niper than before, as if she's gained something from experiencing the joys, trials, and risks she's singing about.

With 1993's *Janet*, Jackson's self-assurance in tackling matters of the heart (and loins) reached sensuous new heights. Unfortunately, only one of that album's numerous chart-topping singles, the shimmering "That's the Way Love Goes," is featured on *Design of a Decade*. (This may be due to the fact that the hits collection was compiled by Jackson's old label, A&M Records, and *Janet*, was released as part of her subsequent kajillion-dollar deal with Virgin.) But one of the new songs, "Twenty Foreplay," is a lush romantic ballad with a suggestive funk interlude—well in keeping with the spirit of *Janet*.

The other new track, "Runaway," sounds like an exotic, sark-kissed reworking of "Escapade," and will probably be a smash hit by the time you read this. This baby-voiced icon is still nobody's baby. Like Janet Jackson told us a decade ago, it's about control, and she's got lots of it.

M.C. HAMMER



...AND ON THE
FIFTH ALBUM GOD
MADE HIM FIVE
TIMES AS FUNKY.

M.C HAMMER  *inside out*

FEATURING

SULTRY FUNK

KEEP ON

GOIN' UP YONDER

NOTHING BUT LOVE (A SONG FOR EAZY)

giant

© 1995 Giant Records.



Soul II Soul Volume V

the new album
featuring
Love Enuff

"Love Enuff" produced by Justin B for Funki Dred Productions
© 1995 The Records Ltd.

The Winans

Heart & Soul
Orchestral Winans Bros.



COURTESY OF JAMES C. HUNTER

The eldest siblings of inspirational music's first family, the Winans continue to work the mainstream/crossover turf. It started with their 1987 duet with Anita Baker, "Ain't No Need to Worry." Then came the Teddy Riley-produced "It's Time" in 1990. With *Heart & Soul*, the group's ninth album, brothers Marvin, Carvin, Michael, and Ronald forsake the Teddy-style hip hop leanings and opt instead for the more Anita-like R&B style.

And they're better suited for it. The results, at least on the disc's first three songs, are masterful. "Paradise," the title track, and "Count It All Joy" place the Winans in moody, soulful, yet catchy R&B settings. Grabbing hold of some smooth hooks, the brothers glide over loping mid-tempo tracks designed to keep a body rocking. A diverse bunch of producers—including younger brother Bebe and new jack J. Dibbs—help keep the Detroit natives up-to-date soundwise. In an interesting twist, the Winans cover their own "The Question Is," originally produced in 1981 by André Crouch and now retooled by the gospel great's talented nephew, Keith Crouch.

The album's shortcoming, however, is that after a truly great start, the stellar moments are a bit slow in coming. With the lone exception of the lovely George Duke-produced, Earth Wind & Fire-esque "Smile on Me," too much of the remaining material is predictable.

On *Heart & Soul*, the Winans continue their tradition of using good music as a pulpit, a podium from which to impart their spiritual sermons. To these brothers' credit, though, they lovingly deliver the Word—but always stop short of preaching it.

Wayne Edwards

Ornette Coleman

Tone Dialing • Harmolodic/Verve

& Prime Time



Tone Dialing, Ornette Coleman's first album in seven years and the debut release from his own Harmolodic label, finds the free jazz pioneer on point as usual. His eight-piece, guitar-and-percussion-driven band moves with rugged intensity from blues and Latin grooves to a jazz-rap fusion ("Search for Life") that smokes anything on Guru's *Jazzmatazz Volume I or Volume II*.

Stressing "harmolodic" group improvisation over individual hotdogging, tunes like "Street Blues" and the tender "Guadalupe" achieve an exhilarating tension between raw dissonance and sweet lyricism. Other tunes sometimes devolve into a bland cinematic ambience, but even then Coleman propels the music with biting alto sax wails. No matter how deep this legend delves into new musical worlds, he never loses his feel for the blues.

Jason Fine

Now Playing

Office favorites—in no particular order

VARIOUS ARTISTS—
New Wave Hits
of the '80s
Preteen nostalgic bliss.

BUJU BANTON—
Til Shiloh
East is best.

GURU—
Jazzmatazz Volume II: The New Reality
Ramsey Lewis lives.

DAS EFX—
"Real Hip Hop"
Hot, hot, hot.

MARVIN GAYE—
"Too Busy Thinking"
"Bout My Baby"
Sexiest song ever.

STEVIE WONDER—
Songs in the Key of Life
Stevie's the shit.

THE GRATEFUL DEAD—
"St. Stephen"
Because they're dead.

ALBITA—
"No Se Parece a Nada"
Assured and lovely.

L.L. COOL J—
"Papa Luv It"
Smooth-ass joint.

WHODINI—
"Five Minutes of Funk"
Who could forget?



SIGN: Libra
ROOTS: Brooklyn

CURRENT PLAYLIST:

THE O'JAYS—
Give the People
What They Want

BRANDY—
Brandy

STEVIE WONDER—
Talking Book

D'ANGELO—
Brown Sugar

TEVIN CAMPBELL—
I'm Ready

UB40—
Labour of Love II

NAS—
Iltmatic

DE LA SOUL—
3 Feet High and Rising

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS—
Exodus

EARTH, WIND & FIRE—
Gratitude

SONGS THAT USED TO ROCK HER HIGH SCHOOL DANCES:

THE ISLEY BROTHERS—
"Between the Sheets"

TEENA MARIE—
"Square Biz"

SONG THAT USED TO BE HER MOM'S JAM:
AL GREEN—"Look What You Done for Me"

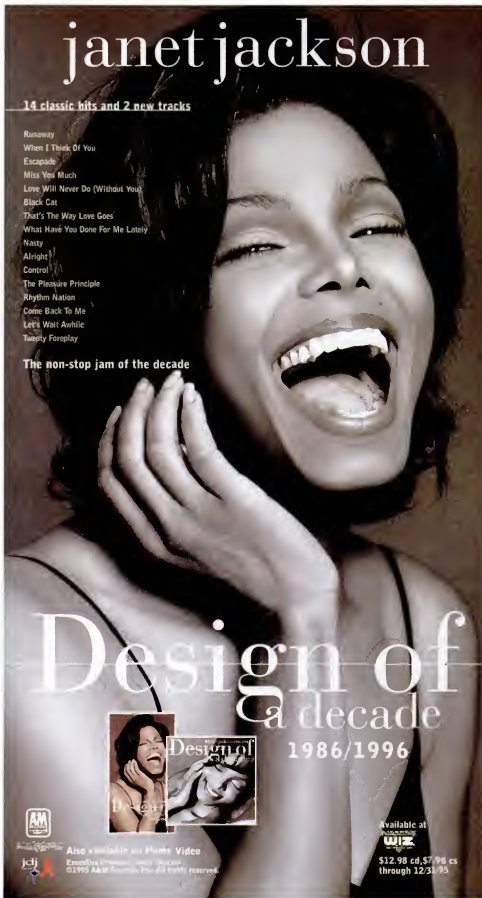
FIRST LIVE SHOW SHE ATTENDED:
Rick James & the Stone City Band, 1983, New York City

janet jackson

14 classic hits and 2 new tracks

Runaway
When I Think Of You
Escapade
Miss You Much
Love Will Never Do (Without You)
Black Cat
That's The Way Love Goes
What Have You Done For Me Lately
Nasty
Alright
Control
The Pleasure Principle
Rhythm Nation
Come Back To Me
Let's Wait Awhile
Tomb Raider
Tomb Raider

The non-stop jam of the decade



Design of a decade

1986/1996



Also available on Home Video



Executive Producer: David Laibson
©1999 A&M Records Inc. All rights reserved.

Available at
WIZ

\$12.98 cd, \$7.96 cs
through 12/31/99

CALL THE

VIBELINE 1-718-622-VIBE

Have you ever previewed new music on your telephone?

YOU WILL[®]

Now you can listen to any of the music selections listed below. Just enter the four digit code of the song you'd like to hear. AT&T is proud to sponsor the Vibe Line.

7800	Beenie Man Blessed Island Jamaica	7808	Janet Jackson Design Of A Decade 1986/1996 A & M Records
7801	Gerald Levert & Eddie Levert, Sr. Father & Son EastWest	7809	Earth Gyrz Fully Equipped Capitol
7802	Soul II Soul Volume V - Believe Virgin	7810	M.C. Hammer M.C. Hammer V Inside Out Giant
7803	Martin Lawrence Funk It EastWest	7811	Groove Theory Groove Theory Epic
7804	Jazz Crusaders Happy Again Siri-Drome Records, Ltd.	7812	The Pharcyde Labcabinicalifornia Delicious Vinyl
7805	Maya Maya GRP	7813	Pebbles Straight From My Heart MCA
7806	Skee-Lo I Wish Sunshine/Scotti Brothers	7814	Lord Finesse Hip 2 Da Game Penalty Records
7807	Shal Blackface Gasoline Alley/MCA	7815	Junior Mafia Conspiracy Big Beat

Just call **VIBE Line** (1-718-622-8423)

When prompted enter a four digit music code. You will be charged for a regular telephone call into the (718) Brooklyn, NY area. Problems? Questions? Call Music Access[®] at 718-398-2146.

Active from Oct. 9 to Nov. 10. A Touch Tone Telephone Required.

Music controls (use your phone keypad).

Press 3 = Forward

Press 4 = Get louder

Press 5 = Get Softer

Press * = Exit music and bypass most prompts.



LENNY KRAVITZ

Circus • Virgin



Let it be said that Lenny Kravitz rocks better than most metal bands and is a hell of a lot funkier than most soul crooners. Perhaps that's why—even as Virgin releases his fourth album—he is still so misunderstood and underappreciated. Yet partly, I'm sure, because of his black-Jewish heritage and partly because of his diverse musical background (he's studied everything from classical to jazz and plays several instruments), Kravitz doesn't seem to give a fuck—he loves music, point-blank.

Like *Let Love Rule* (1989), *Mama Said* (1991), and *Are You Gonna Go My Way* (1993), his new *Circus* is a rock album in the classic sense: gut-spilled poetry framed by guitar blasts, thunderous percussion, and enough sense to reiterate the idea that "rock" is about busting boundaries, not being stuck inside of them.

The guitar-heavy "Rock 'n Roll Is Dead" demands that rock acts not fake the funk and buy into the status quo—it's reminiscent of the way Kurt Cobain was so wary of stardom. "Don't Go and Put a Bullet in Your Head," the most provocative track on the album, is a spiritual bear hug for those who are "longing to find a piece of the bigger pie."

Like John Lennon and Sly Stone before him, Kravitz's music is not solely about him, but about people—all people—and how we negotiate our existence. A minimalist poet, Kravitz takes us down a street hustler's path in the unadulterated funk of "Thin Ice." It could easily be the score for a '70s retro flick; the tune is as cool as Pam Grier when she popped a pistol from her Afro.

The title track is a smart metaphor for the real world, a place, Kravitz believes, where we are victims of games and distorted images. Not quite an existentialist, Kravitz does believe in a higher being. Like he was in 1993's "Eleuthera," Kravitz is still searching for that place where he—indeed, we—can be free. The ethereal "God Is Love" and "In My Life Today" also explore the possibility of freedom, the idea that the sublime can be as real as the hard lives we live.

And as always, love and loneliness are recurring themes for Kravitz. Shit, why shouldn't they be, given how shady the world is? On "Can't Get You Off My Mind," he wails, "Life is just a lonely highway" and you, even though you know the verse is simplistic, can relate. With its country western texture, the song feels distant, as if Kravitz were somewhere deep in the sticks, chilling, daydreaming about a woman he'd met at a local bar.

Lenny Kravitz continues to rock, literally and figuratively, because he can. *Circus* is testimony to his ability to dominate any genre he chooses. I hear Kravitz has an all-soul album in the works, but he doesn't even need to label it like that. Because Lenny Kravitz—to bite Rakim—got soul.

Kevin Powell

From ABC to Ph.D. to j.o.b.

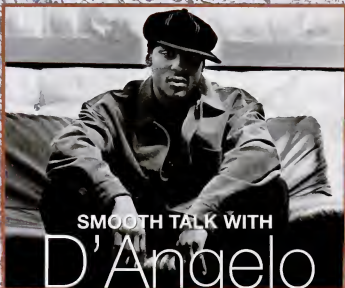
At AT&T, we believe in making connections that will last a lifetime, whether it means improving grade school skills or helping to educate one-fifth of the nation's minority Ph.D.s in electrical engineering.

So, from our support of the *National Urban Coalition* program that enhances math and science learning for elementary kids, to our 20-year-old AT&T Bell Labs Minority Ph.D. Fellowship Programs, to our search to hire and do business with members of the community we serve, AT&T is with you, staying connected for life.

© 1995 AT&T



IT'S GOT TO BE SMOOTH



SMOOTH TALK WITH D'Angelo

The biography reads a lot like the artist formerly known as . . . D'Angelo taught himself to play the piano at the tender age of three, rejected formal musical instruction as a pre-teen, played in talent showcases in his native Richmond, Va., as a teen, and produced his debut release at twentysomething. D'Angelo combines subtle influences from Prince and Marvin Gaye to make a style all his own that is a fresh, soulful break from today's usual "I want you / You must want me" tunes.

In addition to his debut release, D'Angelo has produced for the Boys Choir of Harlem and penned the anthem, "U Will Know." He also shares writing and producing credits on Brown Sugar with Rafael Saadiq of Tony! Toni! Tonit! and Ali Shaheed Mohammed.

Self-taught, one-name, and producer of his debut release, is D'Angelo the hip-hop generation's musical genius or a protégé of our soul masters? Before the super songman set off on his first world-wide tour, he told us where he saw himself in the scheme of things called hip-hop.

First of all, who are your musical influences?

Prince, Marvin Gaye, Curtis Mayfield, Sly, a lot of people. All the old stuff. They were making this innovative music. Everything they did with music was real.

Do you consider yourself an old-school artist?

I'm not necessarily "old soul." I'm not trying to do any retro type thing. I bring elements of the stuff people did back then to my music. I touch on those elements and do something new with it.

You can definitely hear these influences in your music bringing forth a fresher, newer R&B soul. Do you consider yourself a musical innovator or a protégé?

I see myself as an innovator-making something new. But using [from the past] that's a part of music; that's a part of musical history. What I'm doing is music. Prince, Marvin, Sly, Curtis, they are the forefathers of it. Definitely, elements that come from their music are going to come out in mine. That's the stuff I grew up listening to. It's just naturally going to come out.

How would you categorize your music?

What I am doing is soul music. That's the only category I would put it in. Soul music.

Do you plan to go on the road?

I'm going on tour. This is my first and its abroad. I feel real good about it. I haven't done much traveling, so I'm excited about hitting some of these places for the first time.

What's your next single?

I think the next single will be "Crusin'." It'll be out in a little bit.

SEAGRAM'S GIN
The Smooth Gin In The Bumpy Bottle

Those who appreciate quality, enjoy it responsibly.

BOOM SHOTS

BY BOB KENNER



At 220 Marcus Garvey Drive in Kingston, Jamaica, a big, open compound is surrounded by a concrete wall. Around the perimeter, painted in giant red, green, and gold letters are the words IRON LION ZION. This place is the headquarters of Tuff Gong International, the house that Marley built.

Within the walls you'll find everything necessary for the propagation of roots, rock, and reggae—some 60 Jamaicans find employment there. There's a big starship Enterprise-looking studio where producer Clive Hunt (of Uglyman Records fame) runs rings, a dubplate cutting room, offices for CEO Cedella Marley and the rest of the Tuff Gong staff, a record shop, a booking office,

and a machine that copies 15 cassettes at once. Way down at the end, there's a steamy disc-pressing area where someone's mother stands perspiring in front of a big record stamper, flipping fresh 45s like vinyl flapjacks.

Inside the Tuff Gong record shop, piles of discs rise from the floor and cover the walls. Among it all stands 29-year-old Kenroy Archibald, a.k.a. COOL BREEZE, flinging his own records onto the old phonograph. Breeze's lyrics blow through an oversize speaker box: righteous songs like "Red Eye" and "Ugly Situation." The timbre of Cool Breeze's voice falls somewhere between the fiery passion of Garnet Silk's and the quenching cool of Tabby Diamond's.

In 1993 Breeze became the first singer signed by Cedella to Tuff Gong. "Often producers are just for the grabs," says Breeze. "It's a hustlin' thing." But his experience at Tuff Gong has been "way above expectation." Most labels in Jamaica don't invest in artist development, but Cedella runs Tuff Gong like a family. "It's something Daddy always wanted us to do," she says. "He tried to develop young artists himself. It's an extension of his work."

Down by the dub studio, there's a room with portraits of heroes painted on the walls: Selassie, Garvey, Mandela, Bob, Rita, and Ziggy. An elder draped with ash white locks sits on the floor in a deep meditation as a soft-spoken youth in a knit cap strums a guitar and sings, "Yes, it's a rough rough road I have traveled / Fighting a mighty battle. . ."

The singer is YVAD (Kevin Davy), a 20-year-old Rastafarian troubadour whose delicate vocals and acoustic guitar don't fit into the assembly-line attitude that prevails in the dancehall business. But he's the sort of artist who'll thrive at Tuff Gong. After leaving Kingston to escape political violence, Yvad went to live with his grandfather, who taught him to play guitar and started him singing with a church choir. By age 17, he began hanging with Rastafarian brethren up in the hills. After his grandfather's death, Yvad returned to Kingston, and was "strugglin'," trying to find a producer an' ting. Then one night I had a vision that Ziggy Marley came and checked me. Ziggy just said, "I want you to come with me." He was driving a bread van—the staff of life."

Yvad proceeded to the Bob Marley Museum, linked up with Stephen Marley, developed a "musical friendship," and realized his vision. His album, *Young, Gifted, and Dread* (due round Christmas) includes the soul-stirring singles "We Need Love" and "Freedom." "Once Jah choose you to do something, nuttin' don't stop you," he says of his good fortune. "I give thanks that I can come forward on the same foundation as Bob Marley and dem man deh. Keepin' the spiritual vibe of the music flowing, seen?"

IT'S GOT TO BE
SMOOTH



since 1857

Seagram's
Extra Dry

Gin

gin extra dry, based on
and original mellowing process

DISTILLED BY

E. Seagram & Sons

WARRENBURG, IND.

40% BY VOL. (80 PROOF)

ANCIENT BOTTLING

SPORTS DISTILLER

THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE.

Those who appreciate quality
enjoy it responsibly.



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDIE MONSON



SOUL II SOUL

Believe: Volume V
Virgin

Soul II Soul's 1989 debut sounded unlike anything else. A singular fusion of various black styles (plus a trace of white punk), the album was remarkable for its innovation and unforgettable for the sheer soul that saturated the grooves. *Keep on Movin'* represented a kaleidoscope of sensations, as well as the rebirth of spirituality and simmering urban blues. Jazzie B's Soul II Soul were the real thing.

And so *Believe: Volume V* is long overdue. It appeared for a while that Soul II Soul, with their personnel dramas and recent lopsided releases, had lost the passion that propelled their concept. With *V*, though, Soul II Soul rise with new authority. This new music sounds way less contrived than the stuff on *Volume II: 1990*, for example. And by bringing back to the fold Soul II Soul all-stars like Caron Wheeler and Penny Ford, as well as introducing new talent like the remarkable Stacy Francis and Nikkolai "Sensi" Daniel, ringleader Jazzie B makes all the right moves. *Volume V* never wavers. Jazzie B spells out his intentions toward the end of the ride: "Are Soul II Soul still real? / *Far real*," he raps on "B Groove."

That message, whether verbalized or achieved in song, is unrelenting. The album's clincher—and the sanctified heir to the Brand New Heavies' disco fury—is "How Long," driven by a majestic funk groove and celestial flute loop. "Be a Man" recalls the mood of Donny Hathaway's "To Be Young, Gifted and Black," while "Don't You Dream" has a spooky melody, a wild string arrangement, and electronic sound effects.

Once again, Soul II Soul crash through our sonic sensibilities with bravado, nobility, and lofty aspirations. These musical pioneers are again leading the pack. Let's follow.

Aidin Vaziri



JUNIOR M.A.F.I.A.

Conspiracy • Big Beat • Atlantic

the bulk of the organization he's trying to put on. Track for track (he appears on four of 15 songs), Biggie outshines his squad in words, flow, and inflection: hence, I imagine, the crew's "junior" label.

Besides, it's the woman of the M.A.F.I.A.'s house who catches the most wreck. Little Kim saves *Conspiracy* from complete mediocrity. Stone-faced and loud one minute, soft, bubbly, and sexy the next, Little Kim is that sassy-assed honey who sat in the back of your social studies class, chewin' on watermelon Now & Laters, snappin' on fools raw. "Used to bring work out of town on Greyhound / Now I'm Billboard bound," says gangstress Kimmy on "Get Money," a vibrant tune lined with a rubbery bass loop. She is divine.

On *Conspiracy*, Brooklyn's Junior M.A.F.I.A. delve into neighborhood diplomacy, Big Willie arrogance, and the state of hardness. And the crew licks off more than a few celebratory buckshots into the bulletproof sky. But Little Kim or no, this group's goal for next season should be to work toward developing into a Senior M.A.F.I.A. Then we'll see.

Sacha Jenkins

One of the greatest
inventions of the
20th century...



Available on
3.5" diskette
for Windows
based PCs.

Available at Computer Stores and Record Stores Everywhere.

Just Got A Little Cooler.

Alice In Chains
Jon B.
Beyoncé
Michael Bolton
Mariah Carey
Shawn Colvin
Herry Connick, Jr.
Joe Dillie
Celine Dion
Glorie Estefan
Indigo Girls*

Michael Jackson
Cyndi Lauper
Petre
Shebba Renks
James Taylor
The The
Toad The Wet Sprocket
Sterile Ray Vaughan
and Double Trouble
with more to come...

MUSIC
screeners

hit music video clips/screen savers/video games/end more

COLUMBIA



For more information, connect with Sony Online: <http://www.musi.sony.com/Music/Screeners>

*Screenshots, "Screen", "Just Got A Little Cooler", "Music Screeners", "Hit Music", and design are trademarks of Sony Music Entertainment Inc. © 1999 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

OFF THE HEAD FreeStyle flow. SHOUTOUTS

718-789-8984

You will be charged for a regular telephone call into the (718) Broadway, NY area code.
PROBLEM? QUESTIONS? Call Music Access at 1.718.398.2146
Lines active until November 10th.

Every month we'll be asking 3 new questions on which we want your opinion. The following month we'll print the poll results and offer new questions.

OBEY
YOUR
MIND.
Sprite

1 Compared to yesterday's artists, do you think today's artists are more or less political?

Press 1 for MORE POLITICAL
Press 2 for LESS POLITICAL

2 Do you think music today has lost the spirituality of music of the past?

Press 1 for YES - Press 2 for NO

3 Do you feel that rap has become a market for advertisers?

Press 1 for YES - Press 2 for NO

September Poll Results: (1.) It was close but 51% of ya'll say the track still jams, while 49% lose interest in a rap song when it crosses over. (2.) 66% say don't sleep... the power of rap music in the industry is not declining. (3.) It seems the appeal of having a hot track with several artists is strong with 72% willing to buy it.

SINGLE FILE By JAMES HUNTER



Michael Jackson

With a bittersweet touch all its own, THE TONYRICHPROJECT's "Nobody Knows" (LaFace) storms the acoustic-soul world that Babyface and Boyz II Men visit occasionally. A Detroit, Rich's vocal flow breaks and trembles and oohs and aahs, his emotions right on the edge.... Super-professional R&B requires patience and technique—and moody newcomers like New York's VERTICAL HOLD and Toronto's DEBORAH COX specialize in it. On "Let Me Break It Down" (A&M), VH's Angela Stone stipulates the terms of her love. Cox and ace producer Dallas Austin explore similar terrain with a sneakier backbeat on "Sentimental" (Arista). Cox's

ultratough voice—zero fake-diva moves—also has, like Rich's, live-wire edges. Miss Cox is a natural, like REGINA BELLE, who succeeds at what should have been impossible: a lovely cover of Teddy Pendergrass's "Love T.K.O." (Columbia)... Catch that SKEE-LO video? Dreaming of girls, cars, and height, his "I Wish" (Sunshine/Scotti Bros.) is a most excellent pop-rap hit. Prom-night celebrity, that's his aspiration, and nobody's articulated it better in years. Skee-Lo wins because he doesn't try to sound like anything he's not. He leaves conflicted grooves, ironic Silver Convention samples, and skronky flows, to say, REDMAN and METHOD MAN, whose "How High?" (Def Jam) kicks off the soundtrack to *The Show*. He leaves the funky "Head Nod" (Mercury) stuff to HODGE. And he lets off ROYCE BOAST about the power of his own tongue on the high-energy "Ghetto Girl" (Elektra)... San Francisco remixers HARDKISS feel that dance-junk is potentially sublime. They perform catchy aural operations on GOD WITHIN's "The Phoenix" (Hardkiss). And ditching the hairy old superstar's vocals entirely, they turn ELTON JOHN's "Believe" (Rocket/Island) into a spiritual shindig on their "Believe (The Hardkiss Mix)"... The inimitable P.M. DAWN and newcomer MICHAEL SPEAKS ponder black pop, pushing its luscious core toward unknown destinations. On "Downtown Venus" (Gee Street/Island), Prince Be holds a mysterious conversation with himself, debating unspecified issues in his wonderful voice as drums and guitars splatter all around. Speaks, whose rough, refined, high voice soars through one of the season's best debuts, takes an old idea like "Whatever You Need" (East/West) into sizzling new territory. It's gospel-y, like Jodeci, with a punchy arrangement... The year's deepest pop-rap record isn't currently a single. It's "I Could Fall in Love," the lead track on SELENA's *Dreaming of You* (EMI Latin/EMI). Selena gives an astute, loving reading of Tennessee writer/producer Keith Thomas's song, as though she recognizes the tune for the gem it is. "I Could Fall in Love" is a masterpiece. In light of the young singer's tragic end, you almost can't listen to the damn thing.



Selena

Gerald and Eddie Levert



Gerald and Eddie

Father and Son
EastWest/EEG

Eddie Levert (of the legendary O'Jays) and Gerald Levert (a chip off the old block and front man for the trio Levert) have been inching toward a full-length recorded collaboration for years. Aside from the "surprise" guest spots at each other's

concert dates, there was a No. 1 R&B duet, 1991's "Baby Hold On to Me," from Gerald's *Private Line* solo debut. More recently, there was their rip-roaring live performance of "Wind Beneath My Wings" at the 1995 *Essence Awards*.

The soulful, satisfying *Father and Son* is produced mostly by Gerald and partner Edwin "Tony" Nicholas—interestingly, Eddie and his partner, Dwain Mitchell, produce most of the album's funkier tracks—and features plenty of what you'd expect from two of the biggest voices in popular R&B. Lots of grand, hooky, dramatic ballads like "Don't Make Me Beg," "I'm Savin' Your Place," and the album's sentimental first single, "Already Missing You."

The weepy stuff is countered, though, by humping, laid-back grooves like the sexy "Get Your Thing Off" and "You Need Love." On a cover of the O'Jays' 1973 "You Got Your Hooks in Me," the fellas invite Walter Williams to reprise his spine-tingling lead. All the performances on *Father and Son* are practically seamless—where do Eddie's growls end and Gerald's screams begin? You can tell, but just barely.

Father and Son also operates as a heartwarming love letter between, well, father and son. Depending upon who's delivering which verse, "Wind Beneath My Wings" becomes a tender, loving tribute either to a doting dad or the son he's grown so proud of. Ditto for the two-peas-in-a-pod sing-along, "I've Got Your Back."

Sure, it may read like a gushfest, but in black pop, men seldom go beyond voicing clichéd feelings, and they rarely if ever express big love for one another. For that reason alone, you'll need tissue for the moving "The Apples Don't Fall," in which Eddie and Gerald put all their feelings out there. It's a beautiful song. And if *Father and Son* allows grown men to be more open about giving and getting love to and from each other—so much the better.

Steven Ivory

The bootleg industry—a business that produces thousands of counterfeit copies of legitimate releases, and unauthorized, otherwise unavailable recordings each year—used to cater almost exclusively to rock fans. But as artists like Snoop Doggy Dogg amass followings who will pay to hear a remix months before its official release, bootlegged hip hop recordings are becoming more common. Record executives say that bootlegs infringe on their (and the artists') profits. But Clinton Heylin disputes that theory in his new *Bootleg: The Secret History of the Other Recording Industry* (St. Martin's Press). As long as fans want to hear music and are willing to take a chance on its quality, bootlegs, and bootleggers, will continue to thrive.

• First modern bootleg release (summer of 1969): Bob Dylan's *GWW: Great White Wonder*

- Most bootlegged artist of the 1980s: Prince
- Other major black artists to be bootlegged: Jimi Hendrix, Bob Marley
- Most bootlegged artists of all time: The Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, Led Zeppelin
- Best-selling bootleg of all time: Prince's *The Black Album*
- Estimated revenue the bootleg industry generates each year: \$250 million
- Estimated yearly revenue of the official music business: \$8 billion
- Percentage of bootlegs available at New York's Beat Street Records categorized "hip hop": 20 percent
- The store's current best-selling hip hop artists: The Notorious B.I.G. and Luther Campbell

Sources: *Bootleg*, *Beat Street Records*. Reported by Bob Heinemann. Compiled by Joseph V. Trella

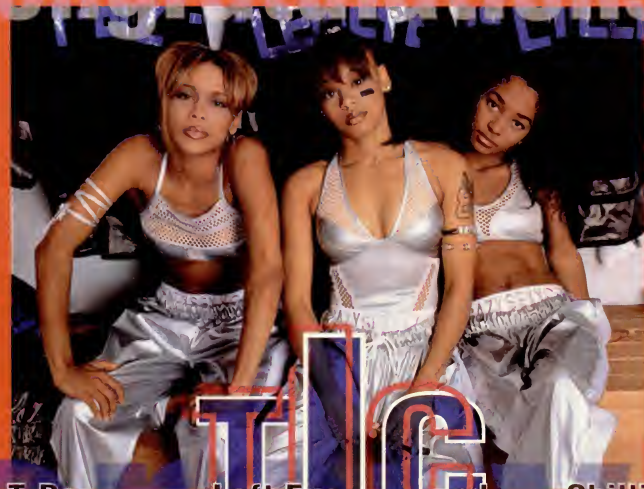
MAYSA

The Debut Album

featuring

What About Our Love?
& *Sexy*





T-Boz, Left Eye, and Chilli

*would like to thank you for
showing continuous love &
support through the
MTV Video Music Awards!*

1995 BEST R&B VIDEO
1995 VIEWER'S CHOICE AWARD
1995 VIDEO OF THE YEAR!

Be on the lookout for future LaFace Artist,

**SOCIETY OF SOUL
A FEW GOOD MEN**

**THE TONY RICH PROJECT
MAD DRAMA**

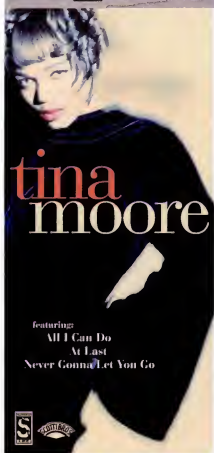
**GOODIE MORN
DONELL JONES**

LaFace
A&R

Skee-Lo



featuring
I Wish
Top Of The Stairs



tina
moore

featuring
All I Can Do
At Last
Never Gonna Let You Go



20 Questions

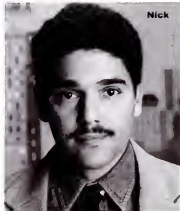
1. What's with this wack-ass chicken-head stuff? 2. Is it just coincidental that **Millkbone** (in "Where'd da Party At?") and **Little Shawn** (in "Dom Perignon") both use grooves from **Kool & the Gang's** 1979 "Too Hot" and **Notorious B.I.G.** samples? 3. **Veronica Webb** fends off blows from **Mary J. Blige** for *Interview*, dates ♪ and/or ex-heavyweight champion **Lennox Lewis**, and is going off to Washington to work on the Democratic Party's reelection campaign for **Bill Clinton**—how does she find time to be the star (super) model for a discount clothing chain in New York City? 4. Is it now safe to say that "Disposable Heroes of Hipocrisy" was a self-fulfilling prophecy as well as a band name? 5. Why is **Ol' Dirty Bastard** all on **Mariah Carey's** new (**Sean "Puffy" Combs**-produced) "Fantasy," talking about how he and she go back "like babies with pacifiers"? 6. And while we're on crazy collaborations, why doesn't **Michael Jackson** release "This Time Around," featuring

Veronica and Lennox



the Notorious B.I.G.? 7. Is it because **Michael Jackson's** scared to get shown up by performers hotter than himself? (Please notice how you can barely hear sister **Janet's** vocals in their whimpering "Scream.") 8. And speaking of Puffy, didn't **L.L. Cool J** leave Bad Boy Management because he decided he wouldn't have the Puff Daddy all up in his videos? 9. How does **Donald Faison** (in the hilarious *Clueless*) make sleepy eyes and braces look soooooo sexy? 10. Should we be excited or scared that the **Rev. Al Sharpton** is working on his autobiography? 11. Is it us, or does **NBC** need to realize that *Saturday Night Live's* glory days are long past—they are they holding on to it so damn tight? 12. **Jimmy Smits** is cool, yeah—but why on *NYPD Blue* is it all about the intense **Nick Turturro**? 13. While we're rolling through the cop-show category, why do we love *Homicide: Life on the Street's* **Andre Braugher**? 14. Last one: Is it because his acting-class techniques are so obvious that we're way over *New York Undercover's* **Michael DeLorenzo** (we keep expecting him to break into a chorus of "Fame / I'm gonna live forever!")? 15. Where is **Young MC** (using that USC economics degree, maybe)? 16. Is it because she's got mad style, true skills, and tangible sexiness that we are fending for **Junior M.A.F.I.A.'s** **Little Kim**? 17. Both deny it, but if it's not true, why do we keep hearing love stories about **Toni Braxton** and **Allen Payne**? 18. No disrespect intended, but what planet are the parents of the kids who went to *EuroDisney* with Michael Jackson from? 19. If the soundtrack-as-mix-tape idea is already so clichéd, why do we love the soundtrack ("Walk On By," "Do Right Woman, Do Right Man," "Tired of Being Alone") for *Dead Presidents* so much? 20. Is it time yet for us to congratulate all the people who get to move up to the grown folks' table this **Thanksgiving**?

Nick



LIQUID GOLD



Kemi Oyl and Kemi Plus, "The ORIGINAL" all natural conditioning oil, is liquid gold for your hair. Light and touchable for today's styling. Penetrating to give your hair the nutrients it needs to restore sheen, body and strength. Use to prevent dryness, split ends and damage from blow dryers and curling irons. Also works great for hot oil treatments. "Kemi Oyl the real thing!!!"



**DICTATED BY NATURE...
 DESIGNED BY SCIENCE**
 Consult Your Professional Hair Stylist
 An African-American Company
 (1-800-554-KEMI)

CALL FOR YOUR FREE BROCHURE
ON HERBAL HAIR CARE PRODUCTS



SOULS OF MISCHIEF

No Man's Land • Jive



In 1993, Bay Area rhyme battlecats Casual, Del the Funkyhomosapien, Extra Prolific, and Souls of Mischief seemed poised to capture the heads and hearts of discerning hip hop listeners everywhere. While their Cali chased Dre-like dreams, the Hieroglyphics crew brought to the party buoyant, P-Funk-less production and impeccable microphone skills. But after critically acclaimed, poor-selling albums, Casual and Extra Prolific have been dropped from Jive; Del is rumored to be doing time as a San Francisco record store bag-check clerk. Souls of Mischief, it seems, are the Soul survivors.

And that's because their debut, *93 Til Infinity*, was a triumph—though the crew's second album, *No Man's Land*, stands in stark contrast to it. *93* attacked the ears with a keen balance of killer-bee aggression and kool-kid finesse. *No Man's Land* backs off of the musical kinetics, but Opio, Phesto, Tajai, and A-Plus still weave words with mad confidence. Souls' battle rhymes remain effortless, fluid: "You lack the balance, see / Couldn't rip it in virtual reality / I got a style that's dehumanizing," raps Tajai on "Do You Want It?" "Keeping eyes on swell / The demise of your personell."

So then why does the crew sound like they're in a sophomore slump? Because unlike *93*, the production on *No Man's Land* never quite matches the standard set by the crew's verbiage. Resonant, melodic loops like those featured in the addictive "Sho for Real" work, but several tracks are undermined by stiff, '80s-inspired drum programming—not that the crew has employed Mantronik as its phantom fifth member, but what's going on? "Ya Don't Stop" and "Do You Want It?" sound cool enough, but "Bump Shit," "Secret Service," and "Rock It Like That" are perfunctory at best.

There are great moments here—and some irony. What would have been the album's standout, "Cabfare," is a song from the group's demo-shopping days. A series of anecdotes on the subject of young black men and cabs is set to loops lifted from the *Taxi* theme. Unfortunately, at the eleventh hour, Paramount Pictures Television Group would not allow Souls to use the sample. This song, with rhyme, flow, and beats perfectly in sync, reminds us how innovative and fully realized Souls of Mischief can be. Too bad no one'll ever hear it.

Chairman Mao

it the bigga figga

Dwellin' in the Labb • Priority



San Francisco's own JT the Bigga Figga lays his lovely rhymes over his cousin (and producer) Shawn's slow-rolling grooves. "Put Yo Mack Hand Down" and "Dwellin' in the Labb" flow with an intoxicating laziness. "Beware of Those," featuring E-40 and Celly Cell, is one of the few cuts that ride hard beats. Rappin' 4-Tay, a long-time friend of JT's, also guests on "Root of All Evil." Those who like their beats fat and edgy may find this Northern California sound a little soft, but JT's cool, slightly acid-jazzy music gets under your skin. *Dwellin' in the Labb* definitely sneaks up on you—and this, JT's second full-length album, is sure to make this Figga much, much bigger.

Laura Jamison

AN HBO ORIGINAL MOVIE

Courtney B. Vance

Kerry Fox

THE Affair

7

In a world
torn apart,
how can the
enemy be love?

HBO SHOWCASE AND BBC PRESENT
COURTNEY B. VANCE KERRY FOX THE AFFAIR IZABELA BRONX BEATrice EDNEY CHARAN RINDS WITH RILEY NUNN AND NED BEATTY
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS HARRY BELAFONTE GEORGE FABER PRODUCED BY JOHN SMITHSON DAVID THOMPSON
WRITTEN BY DAVID FENJVES AND BRYAN GOLUBOFF STORY BY DAVID FENJVES AND WALTER BERNSTEIN DIRECTED BY PAUL SEED
HBO HOME BOX OFFICE

PREMIERES SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 8PM ET/PT

©1995 Home Box Office, a division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. HBO, the HBO logo and service marks of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

THE DETAILS

THE VIBE Q

Page 60: Service Wonder: Black single-breasted suit, N.Y.C., and cotton dress shirt \$48, both by Giorgio Armani available at the Giorgio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C., Boston, and Beverly Hills. Babyface Jacket \$89 and matching trouser \$93, both by Roger Dack available at L.A.; dress shirt \$49 by Dolce & Gabbana available at Macfield, L.A.; vintage ascot available at Palace, L.A.; shoes by Gianni Versace. Tunic: Black floor-length dress \$249 by Giorgio Armani available at the Giorgio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C., Boston, and Beverly Hills; shoes by Kenneth Cole (for more information, call 800-ENK-0018). Braiset and earrings by Erickson Beamon available at Barney's New York, L.A. Quincy Jones: Gray wool double-breasted chalk-stripe suit \$1,990 and cotton dress shirt \$68, both by Giorgio Armani available at the Giorgio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C., Boston, and Beverly Hills; vintage tie available at American Rag, L.A. Kidada Jones: Black knit dress \$1,410 by Giorgio Armani available at the Giorgio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C., Boston, and Beverly Hills; scarf by Emporio Armani available at the Emporio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; satin flower pin by Emporio Armani available at the Emporio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; shoes by Dolce & Gabbana. Coolio: Black wool coat with velvet collar \$1,790, cotton dress shirt \$48, and trousers \$425, all by Giorgio Armani available at the Giorgio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C., Boston, and Beverly Hills; scarf by Emporio Armani available at the Emporio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; vintage tie available at American Rag, L.A.; shoes by Court Pacienti. Yo-Yo: Nylon crinoline jacket with fake fur cuffs \$790 available at Romanoff, Bal Harbour, Fla., and Macfield, L.A., and black slip dress \$790 available at Dolce & Gabbana, Houston, and Bagutta, N.Y.C., both by Dolce & Gabbana; shoes by Kenneth Cole.

VIBE Style: "Video Bonus"

Page 82: Richard: Plastic sunglasses \$58 by Christian Roth for Optical Affairs available at 20/20, N.Y.C.; Fred Segal: silver jumper \$130 by Mondorama available at M.O.A., L.A., and Ultra Violet, Miami Beach; stretch yellow T-shirt \$79 by L'Energie available at Macy's nationwide, and American Rag, L.A. Garfield: Nylon vest \$99 by L'Energie available at Macy's nationwide, and American Rag, L.A.; green nylon jumper \$23 by JRG by Jean Paul Gaultier available at Chavira, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; sneakers by Nike (for more information, call 800-344-6353).

Page 83: Michael: Red T-shirt \$52 by F8 available at K Collection, L.A., and Patricia Field, N.Y.C.; white slip pants \$79 by D&G by Dolce & Gabbana available at L. Lorenzo, L.A., and the Rojo, San Francisco; sneakers by Adidas (for more information, call 800-448-1790); silk sunglasses by Vuarnet (for more information, call 800-348-0388). Michael: Silver vest \$79 by Tommy Hilfinger available at Macy's East, and Lord & Taylor, N.Y.C.; white shirt \$90 by Arckstone available at Lord, L.A., and Boombastic, N.Y.C.

Page 84: Bone: Black knit shirt \$95 by DKNY by Donna Karan available at Saks Fifth Avenue nationwide, and J. Resman, East Hampton, N.Y.; blue pant \$24 by Mecca USA, available at Macy's nationwide, and Active Warehouse, N.Y.C. Flipper: Black sleeveless T-shirt \$50 by F8 available at K Collection, L.A., and Showroom 146, N.Y.C.; slip pant \$24 by D&G by Dolce & Gabbana available at Rocardi, Boston, and Traffic, L.A.; sneakers by Adidas; nylon black shirt \$18 by A&B (for more information, call 212-968-8800).

Page 85: Michael: Red vest \$180 by Girboud available at Girboud, Chicago and L.A.; black jumper \$245 by DKNY by Donna Karan available at Macy's Northeast, and Champs, N.Y.C.; vintage mesh tank top.

VIBE Fashion: "Tumbleweeds"

Page 94: suede jacket \$390 by Diesel available at American Rag, L.A., and the Diesel store, Boston; brown denim shirt \$90 by Replay available at the Replay Country Store, West Hollywood and N.Y.C.; corduroy trouser \$90 by Costume Homme available at Barney's New York, N.Y.C., and Fred Segal, L.A.; boots by Chippewa available at St. Mark's Leather, N.Y.C., and Gubby Linton, L.A.; leather gun holster by H. Kauffman available at H. Kauffman, N.Y.C.; belt by Guess? available at Burdines nationwide, and Guess? retail stores nationwide. Corduroy sheepskin jacket \$53 by Replay available at the Replay Country Store, West Hollywood and N.Y.C.; cream denim jacket \$90 and jeans \$68, both by Pepe (for more information, call 800-888-4888); boots by Chippewa available at St. Mark's Leather, N.Y.C., and Gubby Linton, L.A.

Page 96: Corduroy coat \$490 by Costume Homme available at Barney's New York, N.Y.C., and Fred Segal, L.A.; vintage cotton jacket \$90 by Levi Strauss & Co. available at Andy's Cheyenne, N.Y.C.; brown denim shirt \$90 by Replay available at the Replay Country Store, West Hollywood and N.Y.C.

Page 98: Corduroy blazer \$604 by D&G by Dolce & Gabbana available at Unifred, N.Y.C., and Rocardi, Boston; gray vest \$60 and black jeans \$60, both by Pepe; blue stripe shirt by Guess?; boots by Chippewa available at St. Mark's Leather, N.Y.C., and Gubby Linton, L.A.

Page 97: Blue shirt \$90 by Replay available at the Replay Country Store, West Hollywood and N.Y.C.; suspenders by Levi Strauss & Co. (for more information, call 800-USA-LEVI).

Page 96: Cream coat \$590 and leather fringe gloves, both by H. Kauffman available at H. Kauffman, N.Y.C.; gray denim jacket \$78 and denim jeans \$99, both by Pepe; blue stripe shirt by Guess?; boots by Chippewa available at St. Mark's Leather, N.Y.C., and Gubby Linton, L.A.

Page 99: Sheepskin jacket \$53 by Replay available at the Replay Country Store, West Hollywood and N.Y.C.; 301 jeans \$90 by Levi Strauss & Co.; boots by Chippewa available at St. Mark's Leather, N.Y.C., and Gubby Linton, L.A. Velvet jacket \$390 by Diesel available at American Rag, L.A., and Antique Books, N.Y.C.; green plaid shirt \$88 by A&B by Giorgio Armani available at all A&B retail stores nationwide; 301 jeans \$90 by Levi Strauss & Co.; boots by Chippewa available at St. Mark's Leather, N.Y.C., and Gubby Linton, L.A.

VIBE® magazine (ISSN 1090-4701) is published monthly (except for combined December/January and June/July issues) by Time Publishing Ventures, Inc., Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller City, New York, NY 10020-5999. Robert L. Miller, Chairman & President; Barbara Kaczynski, Treasurer; Harry M. Johnson, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. **Postmaster: Send address changes to VIBE magazine, Box 98060, Boulder, CO 80322-9500.** Regular subscription rate is \$15.95 per year. Foreign subscription rates are: Canada \$30.00, and all other countries \$30.00 payable in U.S. funds. GST #R123076601. ©1995 Time Publishing Ventures, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be copied or reproduced without permission from VIBE. Subscription request, address changes, and adjustments should be directed to VIBE, Box 95580, Boulder, CO 80322-9580, or call 800-477-3797. Please print name and address clearly. VIBE cannot be responsible for unsolicited materials. VIBE is a trademark of Time Publishing Ventures, Inc.

CLASSIFIED

VIBE MAGAZINE NOVEMBER 1995

VIBE MAGAZINE CLASSIFIED

Classified Rates, 1995: \$4 per line, 3 lines minimum. \$95 per inch, 1 inch minimum. Payment Must Accompany All Orders. February Issue Deadline is November 24, 1995. To Advertise, call (312) 317-9192.

BOOKS

BOOKS ALL AFRICAN AMERICANS MUST READ! Complete line of books and videos. Youth subjects include academic achievement, discipline, motivation, self-esteem, history and more. Adult subjects include parenting, relationships, community empowerment, entrepreneurship and more. Call (800) 554-9919 for free catalog. African American Images, 1909 W. 95th Street, DEM 2, Chicago, IL 60643.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CRUISE SHIPS HIRING Earn up to \$2,000+/mo. working on cruise ships or land-tour company. No exp. necessary. For info call 1-206-534-9088 ext. C9311.

CLUBS

CLUB HOUSE WEDNESDAYS URBAN ALL MALE DANCE PARTY. Hip hop, house, Reggae, Tribal, DJ's, Frankie Paradise and Unkno w/ 23rd & 14th Ave. NYC. 212-768-8820

EDUCATION

TERM PAPER ASSISTANCE
"HOT LINE"
SEND US YOUR TERM PAPER OR LISTING TO 1278 RESEARCH PAPERS. OR CALL TOLL FREE 800-351-0222
Research Assistance, Inc. (310) 477-5250
11322 Idaho Ave., # 206 Ty, Los Angeles, CA 90025

GEAR

BLACK PLAYING CARDS! African American Cards. Kente Cloth Backs, \$3.50/each. Shipping included. Order by November 30 to get free Kente pen. Free Catalog, Blacks Factor Inc. PO Box 2882, Detroit, MI 48231. Now available at TARGET, Kmart & Thrift drug stores.

YES! MY BLACK NO! IT'M MOT A CRIMINAL. Ice, Plate frames. Blk & Gld or Blk & Chrome. Send \$9.95 Chk or MO to Bradley & Assoc. Dept 322A PO Box 25750 LA CA 90025. V/MC Call 310-447-5555. Free S&H. T-Shirts \$19.95

GEAR

GANGSTA SPECS



Beat The Rap

One size fits all. Color back. Price \$14.95
Rock n Roll Optics
3264 18th Ave. Dept V San Francisco 94116
The Original Urban Sunglasses

REPLICA SWISS WATCHES. Lowest \$18/KT Goldpl! 2Y War! Br& DT. Chrono. Divers, others! PH (408) 682-0609, FX (404) 682-1710

DEFEND YOURSELF! 100,000 value Stun gun stops any attacker Send chk or MO for \$39.95 to Advanced Security Products, 2146 N Main #530-1242C Layton, Utah 84041

MUSIC SERVICES

LOOKING FOR MANAGEMENT? MAD DRAMA Management wants talented hip-hop R&B artists, preferably with new demo. Contact Sean or Janet in AKR at 213 374 3764

RELEASE YOUR OWN CD'S

300 CDs and 300 Cassettes
only \$2,190
FREE Graphic Design • Ready In 3 Weeks
Major Labels! Quality by Name First Companies
Call today for free 1995 Fall order catalog
1-800-468-9353
24 HOURS TOLL FREE
MP-400-8100 400-468-9353
DISC MAKERS

PSYCHIC

AUDREY FINN, INSIGHTER, Counselor, Advisor and Insider Call (803) 665-8390

RECORDS, TAPES AND CD'S

WEEKLY TOP 100 REGGAE COUNTDOWN STRAIGHT-OUTTAJAMICA! Samples tunes and hear how to order. 1 900 7REGGAE. \$1.47/min. 18+ USA/TT only. Caribbean Trading Corp. Lawrence, KS.

NEWEST TAPES \$7.80 \$11.80. 208 Segs/Nineties. Call (803) 713-0232 or send \$200 for access to Craig Communications 2881 Hempstead Tpke. Suite 106, East Meadow, NY 11554

THE ULTIMATE MIXED TAPES Features Soul Jam, Jazz & R&B Classics & Reggae Dancehall. All 90 min., high bias. KNOW AS THE BEST! Send \$12 per tape, cash/MO/cheq to ES, PO Box 523045A Springfield, VA 22152 or send \$25 for catalog or call 703-932-2918

CHICAGO STREET MIXES! TOP 1's spin non-stop mixes. Free brochure call 1-602-863-2844 e-mail CHITOWN@NSI@aol.com

TOP DJ MIX TAPES all styles, rap, R&B, reggae, classics. DJ's Inc. Funkmaster Flier, Doo Wop, Red Alert, etc. Send two stamps to Tape World 3811 Dismal Blvd. Historic, NY 11057 718 234 4541

1-900-868-8463

Latest Info on Wu Tang
T-Shirts, Temp Tattoos,
Demo's, etc.

CLASSIFIED

VIBE MAGAZINE NOVEMBER 1995

GEAR

ENHANCE YOUR WARDROBE
WITH THESE AUTHENTIC PRINTS.
IT IS A BOLD CULTURAL STATEMENT!



To order: specify HIS or HERS
 IKA-B.....ML/LX.....\$45.00
 IK-C.....ML/LX.....\$47.00
 IK-B.....XL.....\$49.00
 (add \$3.70 shipping / handling)

*100% COTTON.
 *ACETATE LINING.
 *DRY CLEAN.
 *ADJUSTABLE.

Name: _____
 Address: _____
 Send to: ROYALS OF AFRICA INC.
 108 RESERVOIR AVE., PROVIDENCE, RI 02860
 Credit Card Orders Call (401) 785-1377 Sorry, No C.O.D.
 Mastercard / Visa / Discover Cards, Money Order, Cheques Accepted.

* CORRECTION: THE ZIP CODE FOR ROYALS OF AFRICA IS 02807

SCHOOLS

Recording Engineer Radio Announcer

ON THE JOB TRAINING
IN MAJOR LOCAL RECORDING
STUDIOS/RADIO STATIONS
Part time, nights, weekends. No experience required. Free
brochure and recording units home. 1-800-295-4433

SINGLES

Meet Latin American Ladies thru correspondence! Photos, town & videos. Free photo-brochure! TLC, Box 924999 V, Houston, TX 77292-4994. (713) 896-5224.

Lonely? Meet someone special tonight. All lifestyles, all areas. 900-680-6770 ext 610-52 min. 18+ TMLV NV.

NEED A DATE TONIGHT? Meet singles in your area by area code! 1-900-945-5500 Ext 674-52-99/min. 18+ Procall (602) 554-7420

MANFINDER
 LIVE! ALL-MALE 24HR.
 LIVE TALK!
 PHONE CONTACTS!
 CALL NOW!
 1-800-288-8980

MEET WOMEN WORLDWIDE. FREE 32-page photo catalog. Correspondence service since 1974. Cherry Blossoms, 190VT Rainbow

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS LIVING IN SOUTH AMERICA and the CARIBBEAN want Romance / Friendship. Free 60-page catalog. LatinEuro Intro, 4441-1st St. #5 VB, Miami, FL 33131 (1-305) 888-7766. 24 hr. Ladies welcome to join. (NO CORRECTIONS!)

BLONDE, MIXED ETHNIC, & ASIAN GIRLS. Eager to meet men for good times. Local names and numbers. 800-876-5847, 18+. \$2.99/min.

SCHOOLS

HEAR THE FUTURE



BE A RECORDING ENGINEER
 Learn Recording and Mixing, Digital Processing, MIDI, Digital Audio and more. Intern at a top NY studio and benefit from lifetime job placement assistance. You can start your career in less than a year!

800-544-2501
 NY, NJ, CONN 212-777-8550
 Lic. by NY Education Dept. / His or GED Required
 New York City Training / Financial Aid / English
Institute of Audio Research
 64 University Place, Greenwich Village, New York, NY 10003

TELEPHONE ENTERTAINMENT

GUYS at the GUYS
 BOYS CLUB 47...
 1-809-476-6093

THE ORIGINAL PARTY LINE
 UP TO 50 GIRLS ON THE LINE.
1-809-476-1901
 The Wild Side 011-592-589-592
 Gay Party Line 1-809-470-1700
 ADULTS INT'L LDD RATES 74¢ to \$1.17 MIN.

CHEAP THRILLS
 IT'S A WILD LIVE PARTY!
 TALK - LISTEN - GET LUCKY
1-809-474-6171

26¢ MIN!!!
 CAMATEUR Porn Sluts...
011-592-593-476
 PERVERTED PLEASURES
011-972-565-41-024

GUYS at the GUYS
 THE ULTIMATE GAY CONNECTION
011-592-595-948

SEZZLING HOT, WILD & NASTY! Sexy women are waiting to talk with you LIVE! CALL NOW! 1-900-868-6660 \$3.99/min., 18+

EAVESDROP ON SEXY LIVE CALLS! 18+ Listen XXX Live 011-592-586-148 Talk XXX Live 011-592-586-143 Fantasies 011-592-586-125 Very Low LD

WORLD'S BOLDEST ADULT TALK LINES! 18+ LIVE! EXOTIC GIRLS! 1-809-474-7549 GAY ACTION LINE! 1-809-474-7546 HOT KINK! 011-592-586-121 VERY LOW LD

WILD LIVE TALK!
 Gorgeous Babes Want You!
011-592-595-920

CHEAP & NASTY
 Backdoor Bank
 011-592-597-667
 ULTRA HARD CORE
 011-592-597-721

Get your
message
to over
2 million
responsive
readers

by becoming a member of

VIBE's advertising family.

The need to know:
Rates
 \$365 per display inch
 \$42 per line

For rates and closing dates call ANN ROCCAFORTE at (312) 321-7912

When Roberto Clemente first stalked right field for the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1955, he was introduced to the Pittsburgh faithful as Bob, a "chocolate-colored islander" who might even rescue the Bucs from mediocrity. He did that and more. But today—40 years since his rookie season and 24 years after he single-handedly demolished the heavily favored Orioles in the 1971 World Series—it's Clemente's work off the field that shines most brightly. It may sound corny at a time when strikes and cynicism have tarnished the national pastime, but Clemente was truly one of our last real sports heroes.

Like any hero, he had to triumph over adversity. His numbers—a poetic 3,000 hits, .317 lifetime batting average, four batting titles, 12 Gold Gloves—earned him a place in Cooperstown. Yet, instead of applauding his skills, throughout his career the baseball media lauded Clemente over one thing he hadn't perfected: arguing.

Those who followed Jackie Robinson to the baseball's color barrier mostly seemed to abide by Robinson's pledge to never retaliate, no matter how hard things got. Not Clemente. Fiercely proud of his Puerto Rican roots, he demanded to be called Roberto, not Bob. The day after Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination, Clemente persuaded the Pirates to cancel an exhibition game scheduled for that afternoon.

On the field, Clemente worked tirelessly to realize his dream of a sports city in Puerto Rico where kids could gain athletic skills and self-confidence. Today, with an all-star team of major-league players among its alumni, Ciudad Deportiva Roberto Clemente Park is still under the supervision of his wife, Vera.

This kind of altruism led to Clemente's untimely death at the age of 36. Following a 1972 earthquake in Nicaragua, he mounted a relief effort. When informed that commercial officials were purchasing the last piles, he insisted on delivering them himself. On New Year's Eve his cargo plane crashed somewhere in the Atlantic. His body has never been recovered. A year before, he had said, "If you have an opportunity to make things better and you don't do that, you are wasting your time on this earth." Roberto Clemente didn't waste a second.

—John Tynan



ROBERTO CLEMENTE

Get yoUr Chill On.



© 2001 The Coca-Cola Company. "Coca-Cola" and "Always Real" are registered trademarks of The Coca-Cola Company.

Coca-Cola Bottling Company of America, Inc.

JUST ADD
BACARDI

